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If Life Indeed Were Ours.

If life indeed were ours,
Well might the heavenly powers
Smile as they watch man's fruitless effort here;
We build, and build in vain,
Poor ants: the autumnal rain
Drowns all the work, and yet we persevere.

Man's proud achievements fall:
Reft arch or mouldering wall,
Where solemn temple stood or palace high,
Tell the old tale anew
Which royal David knew—
The works of man, as man himself, must die.

When Scipio beheld
Despairing Carthage, held
By his stern leaguer, girdled round by fire,
Rise into flame at last
And o'er the dark sea cast
Her dying light like Dido's funeral pyre—

Deeply he sighed, and said,
"Great Babylon is dead,
And Tyre is gone, and Carthage now, and then
Rome, Rome must fall, and we,
The conquerors, conquered be,
To taste the doom that tracks the pride of men."

If life indeed were ours—
But oh, ye heavenly powers!
Pitying ye look, and know it is not so;
Life is the mystic scroll
God wrote—he reads the whole;
How should the letters his wide meaning know?

—*London Spectator.*

Fickle, Flirting Spring.

Now it is that winter lingers
In the lap of spring,
Toying with her dainty fingers
And their wedding-ring.

Kisses her—the old gray lover—
On her rosy cheek:
Watch, and something you'll discover
In about a week.

He will catch her flirting boldly
With the summer warm,
And he'll treat her rather coldly,
And will raise a storm.

Like a pair of age unequal,
They will seek divorce,
And she'll wed—to tell the sequel—
Summer warm, of course.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Death Undisguised.

O Death, thou subtle Proteus, that dost wear
Such shifting shapes in human phantasies,
Fain would I see the face without disguise,
And know thee as thou art, for foul or fair.

Then Death appeared, responsive to my prayer,
In his own aspect, grandly calm and wise,
With a strange light of knowledge in his eyes,
But kind and gracious—and he blest me there.

And from that day, as friend would walk with friend,
We walk the world together, he and I,
And oft he holds with me his high colloquy;
So that the ways of life through which we wend
Are lit with fuller purpose, and the end
And final goal seems blent with the far sky.

—*Frank Marcialls in the Academy.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Different Themes from Different Fields.

A strange disease is killing horses in Campbell county, Va.

The nomination of Pendleton King, Secretary of Legation to Constantinople, is confirmed.

The total net receipts of cotton at all the ports for the week ended the 13th inst. were 4,464,291 bales.

Up to last Thursday the fund for the benefit of Mrs. Hancock amounted to $37,361, and was increasing very rapidly.

On Wednesday, 10th inst., five murderers were taken from the jail at Shoals, Ind., and hanged by an infuriated mob.

Freight traffic has been resumed on the Texas Pacific Railroad; the strikers are quiet and no farther trouble is expected.

Cotton to the value of £70,000 was burned at Oldham, Eng., on the 12th inst.; during the conflagration a fireman was killed.

A Buenos Ayres dispatch says that the Catalinas custom-house, with all its contents, has been destroyed by fire; loss $5,000,000.

Twenty-two cars loaded with southern California productions of fruit, grain, etc., left San Bernardino, Cal., on Thursday last for the Citrus Fair at Chicago.

The Committee on Education of the House has postponed until April 3 the various bills before it for extending government aid to common school education.

Two prisoners in jail at New Orleans, La., attempted to commit suicide by taking belladonna; they failed, and were taken out at the appointed time and hanged.

Another stage has been reached in the reconciliation between Church and State in Germany by the appointment of a Bishop to the long-vacant See of Ermeland.

A desperate attack was made by Arnauts last week on the men building railroads near Vranja, in Turkey. A regular battle occurred, and thirty workmen were killed.

A fearful fire occurred on the 10th inst. in a flax drying-house at Oels, in Prussian Silesia. Thirty-five persons were either burned to death or were horribly injured, and among them several women.

At the session of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, last week, the reports from the elders showed an increase in the Conference. The standing is good, the accessions large and future bright.

At the meeting of the British Home Rule Association in London last week it was announced that an association was forming at Cambridge, and that Prof. Galbraith, of Dublin, would deliver a series of lectures on home rule.

The conference of the representatives of the European powers, which met to consider the Turco-Bulgarian treaty, which among other things creates Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria, ruler of Eastern Roumelia, has accepted the treaty in its entirety.

On Tuesday night of last week twenty men in masks took Handy Woodward, colored, from the jail at Russellville, Ky., and hanged him upon the same limb on which the notorious Sam Bailey was hanged two years ago. Woodward was lynched for an attempt at rape.

The number of business failures throughout the country for the week ended the 13th inst., as reported to R. G. Dun & Co's. agency, is 214 for the United States and 25 for Canada—a total of 239, against 246 the week before. Casualties are everywhere declining, especially in the Eastern and Middle States.

A TRAMP'S YARN.

"LUCK'S BETTER THAN A GUN."

Finding a Reticule with $40,000 in Diamonds.

From the Detroit Free Press.

One day, after I had been hanging around Chicago for several weeks as a gentleman of leisure, a policeman ran me in as a vagrant. Next morning the Judge heard my story and asked:

"Are you a good traveler?"

"Splendid."

"Do you want to travel?"

"I do."

"Then you shall have an opportunity."

I had heard a good deal about Detroit and its kindness to tramps, and when I left Chicago I headed for the East. Before getting clear of the city I stole a copy of a morning paper off a door step, and after a walk of three hours I sat down to post up. Some tramps don't care for the news of the day, but I have always felt it to be my duty to look over the dailies whenever I had a chance, and to read every line of them, from Congressional proceedings to advertisements. It so happened that one of the first things in this paper to attract my attention was the following:

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.—Lost, on the 13th instant, from a window of a coach on the Michigan Central, west of Pullman, a reticule containing diamonds. The finder will receive the above reward. Communicate with A. B., room 112, Palmer House, Chicago.

This was the 18th. Five days had elapsed since the loss, and it was probable that a dozen people had been sent to search over every rod of the track. I had no more idea of finding that treasure than you had of flying, but as I continued my way up the track I kept my eyes peeled.

I put in five miles of walking and then sat down to rest again. It was midsummer, and my old boots distressed my feet. I came to a spot where a small creek was crossed by the tracks, and I followed it down to the fence to find a place to wash my feet. Just at the fence was a deep hole and a shady spot, and I tell you it did my old feet good to sit there and paddle the soft and cooling waters. I had been there twenty minutes when a bird flew down on the fence and hopped from that to a stick of driftwood to secure a drink. I was sitting as stiff as a stone, not wanting to alarm him, when all of a sudden my eye fell on that lost lady's reticule. It was jammed among a lot of light driftwood held against the fence. I wasn't half a minute getting possession of it. The bag was provided with a lock, and I cut with my knife and cut a hole in it. Out fell the diamonds—rings, pins, bracelets, studs and a gold watch set with the flashing stones. I couldn't hold all in one hand, and Jerusha! but didn't the stones sparkle and flash and shimmer and bring my heart up into my throat! I sat there for ten minutes without daring to make a move, for fear those sparklers would suddenly disappear, but by and by my nerve came back and I made up my mind what to do. I had never thought of appropriating the jewels to my own use, but was in A hurry to return to Chicago.

I wrapped the reticule up in the paper, put the diamonds in my pocket, and at 9 o'clock that night I was in front of the Palmer House. I was about to enter when a hand was laid on my shoulder and a gruff voice called out:

"Now, then, what are you trying to get away with?"

It was a policeman, and he had stopped me for a thief.

"I'm carrying a parcel to a gentleman in here," I replied.

"Oh! you are! Who might he be?"

"His name is Brown."

"Oh! it is! Come along, my fine fellow."

"His name is Brown, and his room is 112. Come in with me. If I have lied to you you can take me in."

He hesitated for a moment and then entered the hotel with me. As we reached the desk he asked of the clerk:

"Does a Mr. Brown occupy room 112?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Now, you rascal, come along," growled the officer, as he seized my arm.

"It's the A. B. of room 112 who lost the diamonds!" I shouted to the clerk as I was being dragged away.

"Here—wait! What do you know of the diamonds?"

"Here's the reticule, sir, and I have the jewels in my pocket. I found them along the railroad track."

Well, you ought to see how glad A. B. was, and how tickled I was when $3,000 was counted into my hand. I went out of the tramping business and started a shop, but at the end of two years was cleaned out by the hard times and had to go back to Foot & Walker's line again. I'm there yet, and if this bit of an adventure, scribbled off in a tramps' lodging on a rainy afternoon, is worthy of publication, give it a place.

A Sensible Young Wife.

From the Boston Courier.

Young Wife—"How do you like my cooking? Come, now, give me your honest opinion. How does it compare with your mother's?"

Young Husband—"If you want my honest opinion, I will say your cooking is very fair, but is not quite equal to mother's."

Y. W.—"I did not expect it would be equal to your mother's, but I wish you to remember that your mother had many years' experience before you were capable of judgment of her cooking."

Y. H.—"By Jove, you are right. I never would have thought of that, though I assure you I would have made no comments on your cooking if you had not asked for my honest opinion. The point you have made is a good one, but is entirely overlooked by young married men."

Y. W.—"It is, and, unfortunately, it is not thought of by young wives. The idea of any man saying to a girl just a year or two out of school, 'You can't cook as well as mother,' or 'You don't manage as well as mother,' and never taking into consideration that mother has had an experience of forty or fifty years! Suppose the young wife should turn round and retort, 'You're not half as skillful a workman as my father?'"

Y. H.—"And I wonder she doesn't. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

And so it is, when you come to think of it!

In early childhood, you may lay the foundation of poverty or riches, industry or idleness, good or evil, by the habits to which you train your children. Teach them right habits and their future life is safe.

Too much importance is self-importance.

A CRIMINAL'S DOUBLE.

What Frightened a Guilty Conscience and Caused a Runaway.

From the Philadelphia News.

When Furman Sheppard was District Attorney and James Flaherty was a Lieutenant of Police, of Philadelphia, the latter one night, when aboard a Walnut street car, noticed the furtive looks and nervous movements of a fellow passenger. He eyed the man closely until suddenly the stranger arose and hurriedly left the car. Flaherty followed him. The man ran, and when the officer followed in quick pursuit the fugitive turned and fired at him with a revolver. But Flaherty was always plucky, and soon he had his assailant a prisoner in his grasp. When taken to the Central Police Station he was recognized by means of a daguerreotype as an escaped convict from the State Prison at Joliet, Ill. The likeness was a good one, and an ugly scar across the forehead made identification complete. He was taken into the Quarter Sessions before Judge Ludlow, where James H. Heverin appeared as the Assistant District Attorney. The photograph was produced, and several officials from Joliet Jail swore upon the witness-stand that the prisoner and the man who had escaped their custody were one and the same.

When it appeared that no possible doubt as to the man's identity existed he arose in the dock and, vigorously proclaiming his innocence, declared that he had never been in Joliet Jail in his life, and that the officers were mistaken. The man's earnestness caused Judge Ludlow to pause. "Gentlemen," he said, addressing the prison officials, "have you no other way of identifying this man? Can you produce no further evidence to establish the truth of what you say?"

"Yes, your Honor," said one of the men from Joliet; "that man has been in my charge for three years, and I know every mark upon his person. On his right arm he has, tattooed in India ink, a figure of the Goddess of Liberty and on his left a representation of the Crucifixion."

"Stand up," said the Judge, addressing the prisoner in the dock. "Take off your coat and bare your arms." When this had been done, there upon the right member appeared the Goddess of Liberty emblazoned in blue, and on the muscles of the left the figure of the Savior on the Cross was indelibly impressed. When this indubitable evidence appeared before the eyes of the court, and ere the man had hid the testimony from sight, the Judge said hastily and impatiently, as though annoyed at having made unnecessary delay: "That will do," and instantly indorsed upon the requisition the word "remanded."

The man was taken back to Joliet, and there, upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, his identity became a matter of renewed and more investigation. Fully a hundred witnesses were examined, and, notwithstanding the testimony that his arms bore, more than one-half of those who took the witness-stand swore that he was not the escaped prisoner. The evidence was so conflicting, yet so evenly balanced, that finally the proof of his identity hinged upon the simple question that decided the famous Parkman and Webster murder case in Massachusetts—nothing more than the finding of a tooth. The result of the investigation was the release of the prisoner, and that this decision was a just one was proven only a few days later, when the real felon was captured and returned to his confinement. He bore upon his brow the same scar and upon his arms the same emblems that had so nearly placed another in his cell.

Of course you'll ask me why he ran from Lieut. Flaherty and why he shot at that officer. Well, the truth is, he was an escaped convict, but not the man they thought he was, and another jurisdiction claimed him.

Gardens in Berlin.

Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.

On a Sunday afternoon we make our visit to the Bauer, or Peasant's Garten, for at that time they come to the city, after going to church in the morning. After walking about the streets they bring their children to these gartens. The tables are coarse, and the benches roughly-painted. Their refreshment consists of black bread, cheese and beer, but the peasants seem happy and gay in their quaint Sunday costumes, nearly all having a family of children, who are running about among the trees in high glee, at this resort. Husband and wife share the same tankard of beer and ration of bread and cheese, telling the story of poverty plainer than words. They have been looking forward all the week to this day of rest and enjoyment; we should hardly term it a day of rest, for many of them walk eight or ten miles with their families, but it proves a pleasant change from their constant labor during the week.

In different parts of the city you will find the Students' Gartens; one is situated a short distance back of our pension, and from our rear balcony we can look down upon it. Every summer evening till 11 o'clock it seems to be filled with gay, rollicking students, who have an almost endless repertoire of songs, which they sing while drinking their beer, varying the programme with mock speeches, rehearsing anecdotes and stories, with all the news of the day. Just as the clock strikes 11 a policeman appears on the scene, and in five minutes darkness and silence reign. At the Student's Gartens ladies, of course, are not admitted; but, with the exception of their being noisy, no fault could be found with these gardens, as they always appear to abound in good humor.

Fire-Water.

From the Mobile Register.

The curse of the Indian was fire-water. The curse of the negro to-day is whiskey. The curse of our rising young men, upon whom the prosperity of the communities depends, is the temptation of strong drink. Prohibition in this country has had the effect of giving us more systematic and persistent labor. It has added to the small savings of the farmer. It has saved society from disorder and turbulence. It has emptied the jails and diminished the cost of administering justice. Unquestionably it has benfited society in every material way.

Simply believing the truths of religion doesn't make you religious; you may appreciate right and yet not do right; weeping over martyrs is not as heroic as having had your lamp snuffed at the stake of martyrdom.

FAR DISTANT SIAM.

LIFE IN THE CITY OF BANGKOK.

A Queer Land and People—Cholera a Constant Visitor.

Washington Correspondence Cincinnati Times-Star.

Gen. J. A. Haldeman, the first United States minister ever sent to Siam, and the only one, is in the city just now. He is here on a leave of absence, for he finds it absolutely necessary to come home, and escape from the climate and other uncomfortable features of life in Siam. "I have been in bad health," he said to your correspondent, as he sat in his comfortable room at the Arlington. "It is a hard sort of life to lead there. The climate is very hot and the surroundings anything but healthful or comfortable. There is no drainage in the city of Bangkok where I was located, and the city is as filthy as is the river on which it is situated, and on which a part of it floats."

"Is Bangkok a floating city, then?"

"In part, yes. There are a good many houses built on rafts. The city, you see, is on both sides of the river, and extends out into it. The heat there is so intense that there is necessity for fighting it in every way possible, and so many houses are built on these rafts. The houses are of bamboo, as are most of those of that country. Yes, the city is so much on the water and in it that a very large share of the travel and traffic about the city is done in boats. There are a few carriages belonging to the king and his chief officers, and to the English and other Europeans there, but they are few. Very much of the travel is, as I have said, done in boats."

"What sort of people are they, General?"

"Mixed, very much mixed. Of course the bulk are Siamese, but there are many thousands of Chinese, and a sprinkling of English and French, who have a jealous eye on each other on matters relating to Siam. The Siamese, it is believed, are originally of the same stock as the Chinese, but so far back that the resemblance is not striking. They eat rice the same as the Chinese do, but not in the same way, for the Chinaman eats it with his chop-sticks, while the Siamese eats it with his fingers, taking it up and out of the dish with the ends of his fingers, and so conveying it to his mouth. This, of course, refers to the common people. The better classes, the king and those near him, and the wealthier and more intelligent, live in pretty good style and have many of the methods of the Europeans, from whom they have learned many of the customs of their home life, and from the missionaries, who have introduced a good many of the arts of civilization."

"There are some Europeans there, then?"

"Oh yes, hundreds of them, though many, of course, are mere adventurers, and not the class of people that it is pleasant to meet as representatives of one's own civilization. There are no more, perhaps, than 100 or 200 English-speaking people in Bangkok, not native of that country, who are especially agreeable associates."

"What sort of a man is the king, personally?"

"A rather intelligent, bright young man of 32 years, small of stature, with black moustache, hair parted in the middle, black eyes, a good address and easily approached. I had no difficulty in reaching him whenever I so desired. He seemed rather glad to receive visits of this nature, and was by no means so exacting or ceremonious as he was reported to be. In my audiences I talked until I had said all I wanted to say, and without waiting for the king to terminate the interview in the formal way they have there, rose, took leave in the usual form of words, and bowing to him turned and walked to the door, where I turned and bowed again before passing out."

"How does the king dress?"

"After the English fashion, with coat closely-buttoned, sash, some decorations on his breast, and carrying a sword. On the throne he wears a different dress—an embroidered coat and a curious high, pointed cap, a sort of crown, which gives him a rather curious appearance to those unaccustomed to the sight."

"And the people, how do they dress?"

"The better classes wear a sort of coat, a cloth fastened about the waist and tucked down between the legs and fastened to the belt at the back, and in some cases shoes and stockings. The masses, however, omit both the shoes and stockings, wearing simply the garment of which I have spoken. The weather there, you see, is very hot and clothing is a burden. Nobody wears linen or cotton shirts there except on extraordinary occasions—simply a thin woolen shirt next to the body, with linen outer clothing."

A Very Curious Epitaph.

From London Society.

The subjoined epitaph appears in Mr. James Payn's novel, "Thicker than Water." In his story two ladies are rambling about a country churchyard, and come upon a tombstone to the memory of Sarah Dempster:

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired.
Who lived in a house where help was not hired;
Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing;
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there is no washing dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But having no voice I'll get clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never—
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

One feels with what delight many a poor woman would hail the prospect of "doing nothing for ever." Many a wife spends her whole time in cooking, scouring, washing, mending; except on Sundays, and perhaps on Saturday nights, she never stirs outside her own dwelling. The proverbial old mill-horse, compared with her, leads an easy life, and the want of rest, want of color, want of freshness, material and mental, are surely the saddest wants in a working woman's life. Therefore we should not blame poor Sarah Dempster if "doing nothing for ever and ever" was her ideal of happiness in the future life.

Astor and Girard.

It has often been said that John Jacob Astor was, sixty years ago, the only citizen of America worth $1,000,000. He may have been the only New Yorker possessed of such a fortune, but the wealth of Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, would even at that time have reached at least $6,000,000. He died in 1831, leaving an estate valued at $9,000,000, and Astor in 1848, leaving an estate of $20,000,000, much of it having been accumulated within fifteen or twenty years.

ADMIRED AND THEN AMAZED.

A Confidence Man Storms Fair Hearts and is Then "Run In."

Correspondence of Boston Traveler.

The sensation of the day at Washington has been an incident, or rather a series of incidents, which have been occurring at the Ebbitt House. Not long ago a man appeared there with his wife and occupied very expensive apartments. He was one of the handsomest specimens of physical manhood ever seen in this town. Now, the Ebbitt House is the headquarters of the army and navy officers—consequently there are always a large number of young ladies boarding there. The handsomest stranger made an instantaneous hit. The ladies fairly idolized him, notwithstanding the fact that he was known to be a married man. So far was the admiration carried that a number of the young ladies were in the habit of waiting in the reception room to see him pass in to take his meals. The stranger then began to throw away money right and left, as though he had millions at his beck and call. Although little was known in regard to his antecedents he apparently found no difficulty in gaining admission into the best society.

After he had been around awhile he invited a few friends to dine with him. There were twelve plates laid, and the dinner cost nearly $1,000. Each of the six gentlemen found at his plate an elegant solid silver match-box with his initials set in diamonds, and each lady a magnificent shawl-pin containing a diamond and a ruby. After the dinner, which was a most elegant affair, the guests were driven to one of the leading theatres, where a couple of boxes had been engaged. As soon as the play had been concluded the party was whirled back to the Ebbitt House and sat down to a dainty supper. The whole affair was voted to be one of the most delightful events of the season.

Now comes the transformation. The next morning a stout man, slightly inclined to baldness, with a pronounced nose and a still more pronounced moustache and goatee, walked into the Ebbitt House and nodded pleasantly to the clerk. The clerk smiled and laid a section of his ear across the counter so that the stout man could whisper in it. The more he whispered the paler the clerk's face became, until at last it looked as though somebody had dashed some flour over him. The stout man was Detective Black, and his business was with the handsome stranger. He didn't go through the formality of sending up his card, but went up to the stranger's room and knocked; a cheery "Come in" was the response, and the detective entered. He merely said: "Whelan, I want you. Come with me." Whelan, for such was the stranger's name, was handcuffed and taken to police headquarters.

He is held on the charge of swindling an aged Baltimore lady out of $8,000 worth of Wabash bonds, upon which he has realized $6,000. Whelan, at the time of his arrest, had an order for $11,000 worth additional, which was taken from him. He is one of the best known confidence men in the country. He failed in Milwaukee once for $900,000. He has been arrested in London, New York and almost all the principal cities of the United States. The last time he was arrested was for defrauding the St. James Hotel in New York out of a board bill. The very mention of the fact that Washington society has been "taken in and done for" by a common, every-day, vulgar swindler will set the leaders' teeth on edge.

Life at the Capital—Evil Effects of Political Station.

From the Cleveland Plaindealer.

There are around Washington now looking for clerkships, from all sections of the country, hundreds of bright, brilliant young fellows, who, if they achieve their aim and secure clerkships, will enter into small offices where they will leave ambition behind. The young man with education and ability enough to make a name and career for himself ought never to seek a clerkship here. They, it is true, when they accept the positions, anticipate promotion, or intend, as soon as they get a "little ahead," to return to their homes or go West or South and commence business or begin a practice. But they become fascinated with the life they lead, not physically a hard one, but one that keeps them subordinates, not leaders. After getting into the mausoleum of a public department their ambition gradually gives way and they accept a series of routine duties as their life work, and become to other men—like the extra car horse that is attached to the car leading up the hill—a mere help not a participant, in the struggle that young manhood ought to look fearlessly upon. Richelieu's words:

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word as "fail,"

are not an incentive to the department clerk. He is willing to sit down and take his stipend without making any effort to push his own fortune. He becomes a dependent and generally in the end a mendicant. My advice to a young man is not to come to Washington to accept a mere clerkship in a public office as long as he has brains and energy to make a living away from it. The ambition to become a Senator or a Congressman, or to hold a leading position in some of the departments, is a laudable one, but the records do not show that any man has ever been called from a clerkship to the Cabinet. The record is all the other way. Bright and able young men, who have drawn themselves out of the whirl of Washington society, out of the charnel-house of the departments and struck out boldly for themselves in the West or adjoining States, are men now of high repute.

The boys, the strongest and the ablest men we have now in the nation are the men who when they were boys struggled bravely on the farms, in the workshops, in the law offices of our country to prepare themselves for the high positions that have been assigned them by their fellow-citizens.

Lord Wolseley, in the course of a lecture given recently in England, told several anecdotes, this being one: One of his officers, who happened to have a glass eye, was one day examining a prisoner, a zealous follower of the Mahdi. "Why do you believe in the Mahdi?" asked the officer. "I believe in him," replied the man, "because he can work miracles." The officer immediately took out his glass eye, tossed it up in the air, caught it and put it back in its place. "D'ye think the Mahdi could do that?" he asked. The man was appalled and couldn't say another word.

THE PADRONE SYSTEM.

WHAT AN ITALIAN SAYS ON THE SUBJECT.

An Infamous System of Slavery Existing in the Large Cities of the United States.

Washington Correspondence of Cleveland Leader.

The most active person in this country against the padroni is an Italian, a gentleman of character and ability, Capt. Celso Cæsar Moreno, who has already been instrumental in doing much good in this direction. He it was who called the attention of the lamented Charles Sumner to the infamous traffic of kidnapping Italian children and bringing them to this country to serve as street musicians and the like. In the course of a conversation with Capt. Moreno the other day the question was asked:

"Does the padrone system still exist?"

"Yes, to a greater extent than ever before. Thousands of Italians are enticed away from Italy under the false representations of giants of gentle hearts and a milder climate than they enjoy in their native land, with chances of finding any number of gold mines in the lands which are to be allotted to them, and the prospect is held out to them of becoming rich in a very short time. If they have not the ready money to pay their passage to America it is paid for them by the land company, which is described as one of the greatest charitable and benevolent institutions in the world. Speedily such dreams vanish on their arrival here. They are put to organ-grinding with a dancing girl or monkey, others as street sweepers, others still to pick rags, while those who are too old and infirm to do anything else are put to begging, being furnished with false certificates of losses by fire or government persecution in their native land, which had forced them to come to this country in order that they might not utterly perish. They are even compelled to play the part of blind men.

SLAVES TO THE PADRONES.

"What they get in the way of money is at once taken possession of by the padrones as soon as the slaves come home at night. They are educated to look upon the Americans as their enemies, a fear being instilled into their minds that foreigners are looked upon with suspicion and are dislike, and therefore are in danger of going to jail upon the slightest pretext. Many of those who are thus brought to this country are of the criminal and lower classes of Italian society, who come here perchance to escape punishment in Italy, never dreaming that they are running away from imprisonment, perhaps, at home to become slaves to the padroni. Why, right here in this city, within sight of the Goddess of Liberty on yonder dome of the capitol, there are some 800 of these Italians who have come to this country to partake of the bounty which the great land company had in store for them. They are at work upon the new reservoir.

"I have said that many of them were of the criminal classes. One of the reservoir colony is now in the District jail under sentence of death for murdering one of his companions. His father in Italy is a noted brigand, who has just been arrested over there and put in prison. You have them in your city of Cleveland, in Cincinnati and other places in Ohio. They are put to all kinds of work. You think them free, but they are held in a bondage which is worse than that which held the slaves in the South, for in the case of the latter you knew they were slaves, but in the case of these Italians their real condition is withheld from the world. There are 30,000 of this kind in the city of New York and 15,000 in Chicago. Oh, the thought fills me with indignation! It is unjust to my country. People see these miserable people, and they think the whole Italian nation just like them. Some months ago I addressed a letter to the King of Italy on this subject."

One of Thackeray's Friends.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The late George Morland Crawford, *doyen* of the staff of English journalists in Paris, where he represented the *Daily News* of London for thirty-four years, was of Scotch descent. He was the relative of Dean Milman and Captain Riou, whose bust is in St. Paul's, but whose greater monument is in Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic." Thackeray opened the door of journalism to Mr. Crawford, who had enabled him to see how young barristers live in chambers. The following is the letter sent by the novelist to the late correspondent of the *Daily News*, along with the presentation copy of "Pendennis:" "You will find much to remind you of old talks, haunts and faces, of William John O'Connel, Jack Shehan, 'Chambermaid's Joy' and Andrew Archideene in this book. There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for, taking you all around, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world into this. You don't smoke, and he is a confirmed smoker of tobacco. Bordeaux and port used to be your favorites at the 'Deanery' and the Garrick, and 'War' is always swigging beer. But he has your honesty, and, like you, could not posture if he tried. You have an affinity for the Irish. May you some day find a loving Irish girl to lead you into matrimony. There's no such wife, C., as 'a daughter of Erin.'—W. M. T." Mr. Crawford had many English relatives and connections. His grandfather, Gen. Andrews, was one of the survivors of the *Black Hole* of Calcutta, and was given for the help he afforded Clive and Hastings £14,000 by the East India Company. Mr. Crawford's death was caused by blood-poisoning, the origin of that malady being the sting of a wasp in the carotid artery.

A Merry Judge Who Cracked a Joke.

From the Henderson Gold Leaf.

Judge Clark, on his way to Oxford court, was conveyed from this place through the country in a light hack, driven by a colored man. The driver drew the Judge into conversation, in which the latter got off a good thing, so we are informed. The driver, not knowing the Judge, inquired: "Is you a drummer?" "Somewhat in that line," replied his Honor. "What is your line?" persisted the colored individual. "Drumming for the State penitentiary," was the reply.

One breach of faith will always be remembered, no matter how loyal your subsequent life may be. People may imagine that they trust you, yet all the time they have an eye to the former break, and fear you.

LEGENDS OF THE SEA.

Stories Told by Superstitious Sailors About Ghostly Ships and Crews.

There is nothing a genuine sailor more firmly believes in than haunted ships. Every sailor who has been long at sea has a story to tell of the ships that he has been in when ghostly and unnatural things took place. An English bark recently went into Pernambuco and was immediately deserted by her entire crew. They declared that on the previous voyage, while a portion of the crew were on the upper fore-topsail yard one night handling the sail, the halyards were let go by the mate and every man on the yard shaken off into the sea. They said that every time they went on that yard at night to take in sail on the voyage out to Pernambuco ghostly sailors worked alongside of them. After that, no threats nor promises of extra pay could make the crew stay by the ship, and the story spreading abroad it was a long time before the vessel got another crew.

A story is told by sailors of a haunted ship which used to sail out of Liverpool. The last voyage she made as an ordinary ship with no ghostly accompaniment. She had a supercargo who was a violinist. He used to take his violin and go up into the main cross-trees, where he would sit and play, his favorite tune being "The Girl I Left Behind Me." On the voyage the supercargo became insane and jumped overboard. Ever after that occurrence on stormy nights, when wind and waves were high, and the ship groaned and creaked as she struggled through the waves, the sailors, floundering about on the dark, slippery decks, heard above the howling of the tempest the sound of a violin playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in the main cross-trees.

Not many years ago there died in a little Cape Cod town a retired sea captain. Once when he followed the sea he came across a sinking bark off Cape San Roque. A gale was blowing at the time and a heavy sea was running. Added to this, night was coming on, and though the poor wretches begged frantically to be taken off, the captain sailed away and left them to their fate. The memory of the doomed crew of the sinking bark, stretching their hands out appealingly and watching his ship sail away with despairing eyes and ghastly faces, lingered with the heartless captain all the rest of his life, and in his declining days he frequently complained that the crew of the bark were haunting him, and said that some day the vessel itself would sail into harbor and take him away. One stormy winter afternoon the old man lay on his bed dying. Just as the ebb tide began to run he sprang up and shouted: "Don't! don't! I'll stand by till morning. I'll take you all off!" and fell back dead. The watchers by his bedside said afterward that through the window which overlooked the bay they saw a bark come sailing into the harbor at that moment, and then vanish before their eyes.

A Gigantic Meat Business.

From the New York Cook.

The largest and most perfectly-appointed abbatoir in the world is in New York, at the foot of West Fifty-ninth street, the property of T. C. Eastman, who is known both in this country and in Europe as "The Cattle King." One thousand cattle, killed and dressed completely for the market, is the daily working capacity of the establishment. Sometimes, however, not more than 500 are disposed of in a day, and during the past summer the average weekly killing has not been more than 4,000 head. To such a perfection has science brought the ordering of this former most offensive business, that there is in all that vast amount of slaughtering absolutely no waste, and from it not the slightest offensive odor that even gets outside the building. Mr. Eastman has huge refrigerators on board a number of the swiftest ocean steamers, and sends to England all or very nearly all the meat he kills. That meat he sells in his own shops, of which he has one or more in nearly every important city or town in the United Kingdom. In Mr. Eastman's abbatoir he uses no natural ice, refrigeration being attained very much more perfectly and cheaply by means of two refrigerating machines. Each of these machines produces as much cold daily as would result from the most direct and non-wasteful use of 110 tons of ice, and is infinitely better than ice, since it gives as low a degree of refrigeration, without humidity, as may be desired, with great economy of space and convenience of application. The cost of operation of these machines, including interest upon investment in the plant, etc., is—figured in dollars and cents—equal to supplying the quantity of ice that would be requisite to do their work at seventy-five cents per ton. Natural ice costs $2.50 to $4.00 per ton. So the machines effect a money saving of at least $385 per diem, and from that up to $715.

Gambling at Monaco.

From the Home Journal.

There is no one about to show the novice the game; no one is solicited. You play or let it alone as it pleases you, but it generally pleases you to play just to try the efficacy of a "system" confided to you in a happy moment by some sanguine tyro and warranted certain to break the bank sooner or later—a hallucination which amounts to a mild form of lunacy, most common in and about Monte-Carlo.

Palsied old men, with their noses on their chins, and ancient dames who have outlived the charms of more gentle passions, are the most persistent gamblers; but the ubiquitous American never fails to be represented at some of the tables; many Englishmen and a large precentage of young Englishwomen—from the girl who makes a "lark" of hazarding her five francs to the systematic gambling women—are all to be seen, but all silent as a company of spectres.

At 11 o'clock promptly the *croupiers* get up, shake down the legs of their trousers with the air of clerks let off for a holiday, the lights are put out, the great doors closed and by 12 o'clock, to all appearances, Monte-Carlo is decorously fast asleep.

If you can not be happy in one way, be in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is in his hand or on his head all the time.

Observer and Gazette.

JOHN R. MYROVER, Proprietor.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY.....MARCH 18, 1886.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

The present Congress may well be called the Congress of "masterly inactivity."

And now it seems that the ubiquitous "boy with a cigarette" caused the last big fire in Wilmington.

Noticing the death of Miss Minnie Smoot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smoot, which occurred on Monday, 8th inst., the Henderson *Gold Leaf* says:

On sombre wings the Vulture of Sorrow has thrown his shadow across the threshold of a peaceful fireside, and grief sits enthroned upon the hearts of friends and loving ones.

There were both wisdom and philosophy in the "new departure" by a young married couple in Richmond, Va., a few days since. The trunks were packed and the wedding tour planned and mapped out, when they decided to stay at home and use the old gentleman's very liberal cheque in procuring a housekeeping outfit.

Another poor deluded colored man—doubtless instigated to his course by mean-spirited, malicious whites—determined to test the doctrine of social equality at Weldon the other day, and, entering the hotel, took a seat at the table and demanded to be served. Of course he failed and was summarily ejected, with the consequences to himself of a good deal of pain and discomfort.

Old "Sorrel," the celebrated war-horse of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, is represented to be just on the point of death from weakness and old age, being now over 32 years old. For years he has been kindly cared for at the "Soldier's Home" in Virginia, and many of Jackson's old soldiers will hear of his demise with unfeigned regret. After death the famous battle charger is to be turned over to a skillful taxidermist, who will properly mount the frame for preservation.

The medical profession in this country has lost one of its most distinguished physicians and surgeons in the recent death of Dr. Austin Flint, which took place, from apoplexy, at his residence on Fifth avenue in New York city, on the afternoon of the 13th inst. Dr. Flint was not only a practitioner of unusual prominence and skill, but an author of profound research and erudition, and while the cause of humanity suffers by his demise one of the brightest lights of medical science has been extinguished.

One of the most magnificent of the ocean steamships which cross the Atlantic went down off Fire Island out of New York Harbor on the 14th inst. It was the *Oregon*, of the Guion line, a splendid "floating palace" fitted up with every conceivable convenience and luxury, of grand dimensions and extraordinary speed. The steamer collided with a schooner, by which a great breach was made in her side and she soon sank, though all of the large number of passengers were saved. The *Oregon* was built two years ago at the immense cost of $1,250,000.

The nineteenth century of civilization! What are we drifting to? We publish in another column the account of the execution of two condemned men in New Orleans, solely that our readers may know what is possible in this age of boasted enlightenment. We are strong advocates of capital punishment, and we believe that if ever the gallows is abolished the majesty of the law will be deprived of a safeguard just that much: but to drag from their cells two wretches, unconscious and writhing in the throes of poison, and to swing them off into eternity, with eyes dead to the sights of nature, ears deaf to the call to repentance and lips dumb to a prayer for mercy—it was a refinement of barbarism worthy of the days when wild beasts tore men's flesh and crunched their bones on the bloody sawdust of the Roman Circus!

THE PEOPLE TRUST THEM.

It is difficult to believe but it is nevertheless true that a few of the newspapers of North Carolina, infected by the evil example of the malevolent Northern press, are inveighing against our Senators in Congress—accusing them of indifference to the interests of the people, lukewarmness in rebuking and endeavoring to check official extravagance, malfeasance, etc., etc.

No man ever yet attained an exalted position of public trust and honor without making enemies on his way to his elevation, and therefore abuse of Senators Vance and Ransom will be listened to with patience or read with pleasure by a few, very few, scattered here and there throughout the State; but the people of North Carolina have delighted to honor these men; through their public servants in the General Assembly they have repeatedly chosen them to represent the commonwealth in the national legislature; they are proud of their ability and satisfied of their integrity. Either one of them may have voted wrong over and over again—we never caught them doing so, but we would not like them any the less if we had; they may even occasionally have stretched their shapely legs too long under Bayard's mahogany, and have forgotten to wade through the slush and snow up to the Department to change Bill Jones's mule-back mail from Bogtown Wallow over to Calamity Gulch: but we didn't propose to send *saints* to Congress (that isn't the sort of representation North Carolina needs just now), but *men*; and very pleasing and honorable types of physical, intellectual and moral manhood fill the seats allotted to our State on the floor of the United States Senate.

As to Zeb Vance—the "War Governor" of North Carolina, who first stood side by side with his men upon the field, and then took the helm of State to care for his people like his children, and animate his soldiers by his own patience, courage and devotion; who made his State's name illustrious among nations during the trials and reverses of war, and in peace knew no nobler duty than to guard her fair fame and protect her honor; whose magnificent campaign of 1876 finally redeemed North Carolina from political misrule and corruption, and won for him the fervent gratitude of the long-suffering and oppressed; whose eloquence has stirred men's hearts wherever crowds have gathered on the mountain sides of the west or grouped themselves along the shining sands of the eastern shore:—tell North Carolinians that Zeb Vance is an unworthy public servant, and that he is sleeping while their interests are suffering? "Neither would they believe though one rose from the dead."

TROUBLE AHEAD.

Those who shape and control the material interests of this great country, in its commercial, manufacturing, mining and other industries, would do well to heed the warning heard in deep mutterings and felt in growing power on every hand.

The American strike has ceased to be a mere ebullition of passion, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing:" it has become a regular campaign for the redress of wrongs real or fancied; a powerful struggle against actual or supposed injustice and oppression. When men by hundreds and thousands lay down the implements of their daily toil, and straightway great railway lines are stopped, and furnace fires go out, and factories are closed, it has a meaning deeper, graver than may be found in the uneasy movements of a mob: it is the emanation of a head, a heart, a soul—angry and unreasonable, perhaps, but strong and determined still.

We have no sympathy with either warfare against capital or the grinding down of labor. Large operators in any business, who take advantage of the necessities of the poor to get a dollar's worth of work for fifty cents, are extortioners whom Christ would have driven with stripes out of the temple along with the money-changers; and crowds of men who combine under the pressure of pet grievances to enforce their demands are generally bullies and cowards who subvert law and outrage society. But it is nevertheless true that the history of all the great monopolies of the country shows that the more powerful they grow the meaner they become—avaricious, exacting and unjust—and if socialism and communism pull their proud walls about their ears, they will have only themselves to thank for their ruin.

An Exciting Scene in the United States Senate.

Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.

WASHINGTON, March 10, 1886.—The hundreds of spectators who thronged the Senate galleries to-day were treated to one of the most exciting scenes that has been witnessed at the capitol during the present session. The principal actors were Senators Riddleberger, of Virginia, and Logan, of Illinois. The occasion of this legislative *emeute* was a letter from James B. Eads to Senator Logan, which the latter presented to the Senate yesterday and which to-day appeared in the *Congressional Record*. Mr. Riddleberger, in a loud tone of voice, demanded to know upon what authority a personal letter addressed to John A. Logan, denying certain statements made by a brother Senator, should be spread upon the pages of the *Record*. Growing more and more excited as he proceeded, Mr. Riddleberger intimated that he would hold Gen. Logan responsible for the publication in the *Record*. While Mr. Riddleberger was gesticulating, the spectators in the galleries leaned forward to take in every word, and Senators upon the floor looked at each other in consternation, and wondered what the junior Senator from Virginia would next say or do. As soon as Senator Logan found opportunity to speak he arose, and, turning to Mr. Riddleberger, said he was utterly astounded at the statements just made. He said he intended to cast no reflection upon the Virginia Senator when he submitted Mr. Eads's letter, and had simply presented it as a statement from an honorable American citizen. Mr. Logan, who is also high-strung, appeared to be laboring under excitement which he was struggling to repress. He said the Senator from Virginia could have no personal controversy with him, and was proceeding to move the reference of the matter to a committee, when Mr. Riddleberger replied that he did not seek a controversy with Gen. Logan, but he would defend himself from such attacks as appeared in the letter from Capt. Eads, which had been slipped into the *Record* by Gen. Logan. In the meantime the feeling on the floor of the Senate and in the galleries was intense, and as the colloquy proceeded Mr. Riddleberger seemed to be almost wild with excitement, and Mr. Logan to have no less difficulty in restraining himself. Mr. Riddleberger proclaimed that he did not care what committee the resolution was referred to. He would not appear before any committee, but would say all he had to say on the subject in open Senate. He then characterized Gen. Logan as the representative of Mr. Eads, and warned him to take care of his man on the floor of the Senate.

This last remark was too much for the fiery Senator from Illinois. He jumped to his feet, and at the top of his voice declared that the statement that he was the representative of Mr. Eads was untrue. A buzz of apprehension went around the chamber and all present moved uneasily in their seats. Riddleberger still maintained that Logan was responsible for the appearance of the letter in the *Record*, which responsibility, he said, might have been avoided by endorsing upon the back "by request." Just as the excitement reached its highest pitch the president *pro tem.* announced that the hour of 2 o'clock had arrived, and the subject went over until to-morrow.

The Western Strikers—No Change in the Situation at St. Louis.

MARSHALL, Texas, March 16, 1886.—A train from New Orleans, yesterday morning, brought thirty men in, some of whom were mechanics, to go to work in the shops. They were marched to the Superintendent's office and sworn to protect themselves and the Company's property. They were then marched to the shops. The occupation of each was ascertained, and they were enrolled and numbers assigned them. They then dined at the Company's expense. The men were told before leaving New Orleans that everything was quiet, that no strike existed, and that they were wanted to take the places of men who had quit work. They claim that they were deceived, and that the situation was misrepresented to them, and as soon as they saw the condition of affairs they refused to work, and are now quartered among the strikers. The strikers, of course, were jubilant over the walk-out of the new men.

ST. LOUIS, March 16.—There is no change in the situation this morning at the Missouri Pacific yards. Numbers of strikers are congregated outside of the yards, but maintain perfect quiet. An attempt to send out a Kirkwood accommodation train this morning failed, the fireman deserting the engine before it was attached to the train, and the engineer returned it to the roundhouse. No attempt has been made to resume freight traffic as yet.

Death of Capt. Waddell, Formerly of the Confederate Navy.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., March 16, 1886.—Capt. James I. Waddell, commander of the Maryland Fishery forces, died last night, at his home in this city, of congestion of the brain. He was a native of North Carolina and was aged 62 years. Capt. Waddell graduated at the Naval Academy in 1849, having previously served at Vera Cruz against Mexico. He served in the United States Navy until the late war broke out, when he resigned and entered the Confederate Navy, being placed in command of the famous *Shenandoah*, with which he waged war against vessels in the Arctic sea, destroying much valuable commerce.

New York Cotton Futures.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1886.—C. L. Green & Co.'s report on cotton futures says: Stimulated by a better tone at Liverpool, both as to spot and contracts, our market opened firm and advancing, with a gain secured of some 8 to 9 points, a portion of the demand coming from Wall street. At the figures reached, however, quite a proportion of "longs" were ready and a little anxious to liquidate, causing a full reaction with the close weak at about Saturday evening's figures. The "boom" is hesitating but apparently not bullish at the moment.

The Horrible Hanging of Ford and Murphy in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 12, 1886.—At 7:30 this morning, when the keepers of the jail made efforts to arouse Ford and Murphy, they could not wake them up. After examination the physicians concluded that the men had taken belladonna. At 9:30 Murphy had rallied a little, but Ford was still unconscious.

A *States'* Baton Rouge special says: The Governor this morning received a telegram from Sheriff Butler, of Orleans Parish, saying: "Ford and Murphy attempted suicide this morning by swallowing poison. They are in a stupor and in a comatose condition. Doctors believe the attempt a failure, but cannot say how long it may take to restore them to consciousness. Should they not revive before the hour fixed, shall I execute the warrant notwithstanding?" The Governor replied: "Yes, go on with the execution. Carry out the warrant." Ford and Murphy were hanged at 12:51 o'clock.

Preparations for the execution began at 12:03 o'clock, when the yard and corridors were cleared of prisoners. Both men were lying in their cells. Murphy was in the same semi-conscious state and, although his eyes wandered in all directions, he could not understand what was going on. Only once he gave evidence of consciousness, and then held out his hand to Pat and endeavored to shake hands with him, but it was only for an instant. His face once more relaxed into unconsciousness, and this notwithstanding that emetics caused him to eject the poison. It was of a greenish hue, and after a careful examination was pronounced to be powdered belladonna. At 12:35 the arms and legs of the two men were pinioned while they were in a recumbent position. Six witnesses were sworn in by Sheriff Butler, and the death warrant was read to ears without hearing and shown to eyes without sight. The men were carried to the scaffold at 12:45.

It was indeed a miserable spectacle. At the gallows they were placed in a sitting position with their backs to the wall to give them support. Nearly all present involuntarily turned away from the sickening sight, some even having to nerve themselves against a fainting fit and to hold fast to the balcony rail for support. Fortunately there was not long to wait. It needed only a few minutes, or seconds rather, for the executioner, in domino and mask, to adjust the ropes and black caps. He then quickly re-entered his cage. Almost instantly the sharp "swish" of the axe was heard as it cut the rope and simultaneously the trap fell. The bodies shot downwards eight feet, rebounded with a jerk, and then fell back, stretching the cords to the utmost tension. Death was instantaneous. The bodies were allowed to hang twenty-five minutes and were then cut down. At 1:15 P. M. the same jury which witnessed the hanging viewed the bodies, and gave a verdict of death by hanging. The necks of both men were dislocated. The bodies were taken charge of by the Ford family.

Vance on the Vance Family.

Referring to the mendacious article on the Vance family and the public offices alleged to be held by its members, Senator Vance writes characteristically to the editor of the Salisbury *Watchman*, as follows:

MY DEAR SIR:—I return the slip, corrected according to the truth. [Here is the list: Z. B. Vance, U. S. Senator, salary $5,000; R. B. Vance, assistant commissioner of patents, $3,000; C. N. Vance, son, clerk to the Senator, $800; Z. B. Vance, Jr., lieutenant in the army, $600; ——— Hall, nephew, page in the House, $600.]

The Vances in office, so far as I know or am in any way responsible for, are embraced on the slip. The others, through which the pen has been drawn, I never heard of before on this earth. I doubt if all of them are in existence. My son Charlie is my clerk, a very confidential position, and is paid about $6 per day while Congress is in session only. My son David is earning his bread on the *Times-Democrat*, in New Orleans. Tom is lord mayor of the town of Lenoir, and practices law. Zeb. was appointed a cadet in the navy by Judge Ashe, graduated at Annapolis, and when the naval force was cut down by act of 1883 he was thrown out and was appointed to the army by President Arthur.

My little nephew, Hall, was appointed a page in the House originally by the Tennesse delegation, where he lives.

That's my responsibility, I am much encouraged by this lie—it's the most bungling one they have started on me yet, and shows they are getting out of heart. Thank you very much for your offer to expose it.

In haste, yours,

Z. B. VANCE.

SECOND LETTER.

DEAR SIR:—A few moments after I had sealed my first letter, I sent for a Republican friend from Ohio, and told him the contents of your letter. He told me that he had seen the article when it had first appeared in the Cincinnati *Commercial;* that, in justice to me, he had written a full correction to the editor at once; he refused to publish it. He then sent it to the *Tribune*, which had copied the lie, and that paper also refused to publish it.

My friend also told me that the newspaper man who started the lie took the official register and charged me with every man whose name was Vance! If my name had been Smith, wouldn't he have got me? One or two of those on the list I am told are coal-black negroes, and all are Radicals appointed by former administrations.

VANCE.

Arrested at Kansas City.

From the Raleigh News and Observer.

Gov. Scales has received a telegram from the chief of police at Kansas City, Missouri, stating that a white man named Sorsby had been arrested there and that it was thought he was "wanted" by the authorities of North Carolina for murder committed in this State. It appears that several years ago a man of that name did kill another in Nash county. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict to the effect that the killing was done by Sorsby, but that the homicide was justifiable. The grand jury took a different view of the matter, and brought a true bill against Sorsby for murder. Thereupon Sorsby fled and his whereabouts was not known until this telegram was received. Gov. Scales has written solicitor Worthington in regard to the matter. Meanwhile the man said to be Sorsby is held at Kansas City, pending the action of Gov. Scales in the matter.

Fire at Salisbury.

From the News and Observer.

Salisbury had a sensation Friday. A negro known as "Crazy Bill" set fire to a building occupied by Theo. Buerbaum as a bookstore and by the *North Carolina Herald*. Two policemen saw the place on fire, saw a man come out of the cellar and shot at him three times. It proved to be "Crazy Bill." The fire was soon extinguished, with slight damage. The incendiary said a negro named Henderson Jones had paid him $3 to set any stores on fire, the evident purpose being to plunder. Both men are in jail. There was much talk of lynching.

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A LARGE LOT OF
Wrapping Paper,
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Wrapping Paper suitable for every business---
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Prices that will compete with those of any house sending salesmen to our city.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES,

Especially when it will cost you less than to buy the articles elsewhere.

All We ask is a Trial.

mar 18-tf McNEILL & CO.

New SPRING Goods!

50 Dozen Sample Lot
NEW SPRING STYLES HATS, BONNETS, &C.
TRAMWAY, PORCUPINE, MILAN AND CANTON BRAIDS.
Dress, Hack and Sun Hats.
Cape Mays for the Million.

Feb. 25 tf MRS. DYE.

1886. The New Year. 1886.

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—AND HIS—
WONDERFUL BARGAINS!

My Stern Necessity is Your Golden Opportunity.

AT COST.

My large and commodious store is full of a magnificent stock of goods, just received from the
AUCTION SALES OF
Bates, Reed & Cooley, of New York,
Consisting of a splendid line of
DRESS GOODS—my specialty; HANDSOME HOSIERY—unusual bargains;
CLOTHING—of the latest styles, at your own price;
BOOTS AND SHOES—of the best makers—very cheap.
☞ My great assortment of ELEGANT
Dress Goods! Dress Goods!
Must be sold. Here is a rare chance for the
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY
AND SOMETHING OVER.

jan 7-tf GEO. ROSENTHAL.

CANNED GOODS
From best packers and in great variety.
Wilson's and Larrabe's leading goods in
CRACKERS
fresh, in small quantities, constantly being received
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Walton, Whann & Co.'s Plow brand.
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Stono Soluble Guano.
Stono Acid Phosphate.
These goods are equal to any and superior to many brands.
☞ Agricultural Lime.
feb 18-tf J. B. STARR.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
I Have Removed My Art Gallery
To the POSTOFFICE BUILDING, Upstairs,
where I am now prepared to receive customers and give them FINER WORK than has ever been produced in the city before.
mar 4 tf R. FRANK PETERSON.

COUNTRY PRODUCE
Always in stock.
EGGS 10 CENTS A DOZEN,
At Headquarters,
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Garden Hoes and Rakes
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"THE DAISY."
ALL FARMERS IN NEED of a TURN PLOW will find it to their interest to examine "THE DAISY" at our Sample Rooms before purchasing elsewhere. Prices as low as any on the market, and satisfactory performance of work guaranteed or money refunded.
A. E. RANKIN & CO.
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Stone Churns
From Craven's Pottery.
At Headquarters.
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Cumberland House.
I AM NOW FULLY PREPARED TO ACCOMMODATE the TRAVELLING PUBLIC.
Am Nearer and More Convenient to the Depot than Any Hotel in Town.
All I ask is a trial, as I shall spare no effort to please.
D. H. BELL.
Proprietor.
October 1, 1885. 138-6m

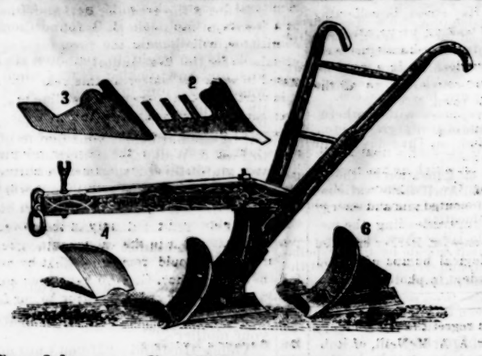
LAUNDRY SOAPS,
Starch and Bluing,
TOILET SOAPS,
Bought close and sold close
At Headquarters.
G. A. THOMSON.

ADVERTISEMENTS. | ADVERTISEMENTS.

Brown & Roddick,
27 HAY STREET, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

SILKS! SILKS!
We have just received a large invoice of
SUMMER SILKS,
In Plain, Striped and Checks,
At 40c. per yard.
These goods have never been sold for less than 65 cents before.
Parties in need of such should send for samples, or call and see them, before the lot is broken.
We have also received another lot of those
Spring Dress Goods,
At 10c., 12 1-2c. and 15c.
HAMBURG EDGING AND INSERTIONS.
The community have already found out the bargains in these goods: no need in saying more about them.
THEY WILL SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.
Fancy Laces,
IN CREAM, ECRU AND WHITE, FROM 5C. UP.
Nainsook Checks, 8c. up.
India Linen, 10c.
Victoria Lawn, 8c.
200 White Honey-Comb Quilts--full size,
90 Cents, $1.00 and $1.15.
A JOB LOT OF OTTOMAN RIBBONS
(ALL SILK.)
No. 5, 7c.; No. 7, 8c.; No. 9, 10c.; No. 12, 14c.; No. 16, 18c.
ABOUT HALF THE USUAL PRICE.
Also, a splendid assortment of
Tweeds and Cassimeres,
FOR MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.
At BROWN & RODDICK'S,
27 Hay St., Fayetteville.
Branch Store 9 Front St., Wilmington, N. C.
March 18.

The DURHAM BULL Fertilizer,
—MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR—
BRIGHT TOBACCO.
We guarantee every pound of our goods ammoniated with genuine Peruvian Guano. Will not fire the plant in dry weather. Insures a quick and vigorous growth and a large, BRIGHT, rich, waxy Tobacco. Indorsed by the leading planters wherever used. Remember, *some* Peruvian Guano is almost absolutely necessary to grow large, rich Tobacco. This is the kind of Tobacco that is in such demand.
The Durham Fertilizer for Cotton and Corn
is acknowledged by leading planters throughout the State the BEST GUANO FOR THE PRICE ever used. Guaranteed free from all *fiery ammoniates* or shoddy material of every kind. These goods are fast becoming the leaders wherever used, because they give the best field results.
When you buy DURHAM BULL FERTILIZER you get value received—you are not buying water and sand. Every ton of our goods is warranted to be just as represented.
For sale by dealers at most railroad points in North Carolina and Virginia.
MUSE BROS., Cameron, N. C. McIVER & DALRYMPLE, Jonesboro, N. C.
McIVER'S, Sanford, N. C. H. C. McMILLAN, Shannon, N. C. } Local Agents.
A. E. RANKIN & CO., Fayetteville, N. C.
☞ Apply to any of our agents or write direct to us for "Fleming's Treatise on Tobacco" and leading planters' certificates testifying to the superiority of our Fertilizer.
feb 25-2m Durham Fertilizer Co., Durham, N. C.

White's COMBINED Plow!
For all Work on the Farm,

Still Acknowledged to be the Best Plow
As It Combines a Good Turning Plow with All the Stonewall Cotton and Tobacco Attachments.
PLOWS and CASTINGS for them always on hand. I also offer the BOY DIXIE, ATLAS, STONEWALL, "BOSS," CLIMAX TOBACCO PLOW and all old styles, such as Nos. 10, 35, 40, 50, 48, A 6 and M 6. For sale at LOW PRICES for CASH.
☞ A Full Line of Groceries and Hardware on hand.
feb 18-tf CHAS. HAIGH,
Next Door to People's Bank.

STOVES. STOVES.
WE have a LARGE ASSORTMENT of COOKING STOVES, all numbers. Also OIL STOVES, REFRIGERATORS, ICE CREAM FREEZERS, WATER COOLERS, LEMON SQUEEZERS, TIN TOILET SETS, GARDEN and DRY-WELL PUMPS, VALLEY GUTTERING, &C.
—ALSO—
CANE MILLS, COPPER and GALVANIZED EVAPORATORS, STEAM FITTINGS, BLACK and GALVANIZED IRON PIPE.
At
July 2, 1885. McMILLAN BROS.,
125-tf

Observer and Gazette.

THURSDAY.....MARCH 18, 1886.

LOCAL BULLETINS.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JAMES R. DEAL—Notice.
R. T. SCANLIN—F. F. F. F. G.
C. W. BROADFOOT—Action in Court.
BROWN & RODDICK—New Spring Goods.
A. S. HUSKE & CO.—The Clipper Plow, &c.
MCNEILL & CO.—Wrapping Paper, Paper Bags, etc.

CHEAP READING!

Two Good Newspapers for $2.75!

Having made arrangements with the proprietors of the *Detroit Free Press*, we will furnish that paper and the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE for one year at the low price of $2.75.

It is needless for us to particularize the merits of the *Detroit Free Press*—its reputation is not confined even to the United States, but is almost world-wide. It is a large eight-page weekly paper, embracing in its different departments the choicest selections in literature, science, art, news, humor, etc., etc.

Supply yourselves and families for the coming year with excellent newspaper reading by subscribing to the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE and *Free Press*.

A FAIR OFFER:

Six Months' Good Reading Free!

Wherever the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE makes its way it never fails to win friends, gain subscribers and increase its circulation. Notwithstanding the fact that the cash system is adhered to except in cases where the proprietor sees fit, for satisfactory reasons, to send the paper, and that the names of numbers in arrears have been erased from the books, the list is still increasing, and the influence and prosperity of the paper are extending every week.

We want to see the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE a regular weekly visitor in every family in all the Cape Fear section—both for the sake of the families and for our own sake (but chiefly for our own sake); and we make the following liberal offer, good until the 1st of May, and to embrace the counties of Columbus, Brunswick, New Hanover, Pender, Duplin, Bladen, Sampson, Wayne, Johnston, Chatham, Guilford, Randolph, Montgomery, Moore, Richmond, Robeson, Harnett and Cumberland:

We will send the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE for 6 months, free, to the first person making application for the paper from any post-office in any of the above-named counties which has no subscriber to the paper. Inquire of your postmaster if his office has a subscriber to the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE; if not, send us a postal card, with your name and address, and receive the paper free for 6 months.

Building on Haymount.

Mr. W. T. Taylor is breaking ground for a new residence on Haymount, to occupy the old Jenkins lot just west of the Graded School building. Whenever he his roof-tree spread, may it be the abode of peace, plenty and happiness.

On the Site of the Gid Homestead.

Mr. W. H. Tomlinson is building a handsome and commodious residence on the site of his dwelling recently burned, which in convenience of arrangement and elegance of architecture will be an accession to that quarter of the town.

Injured by a Runaway.

Last week the horse of Mr. Samuel Westbrook took fright on the road and bolted, overturning the wagon, dragging Mr. Westbrook for some distance and finally landing him in a ditch. He was considerably bruised, but, we are glad to say, sustained no serious injuries.

Union Home and Hospital.

The following is the list of contributors to the Union Home and Hospital for the two weeks ended the 13th inst.:

Mrs. J. D. McNeill, Mrs. Dr. Haigh, Mrs. W. A. Guthrie, Mrs. M. A. Baker, Mrs. Walter Watson, Mrs. J. C. Thomson, Mrs. Daniel McDonald.

Entering on a New Field of Labor.

Rev. Jno. Huske, who has so acceptably filled the pastorate of the Episcopal Church at Durham, has taken the First Assistant Rectorship of St. John's Church, Buffalo, N. Y. He has been spending a few days in Fayetteville with his family and friends, previous to his departure to his new charge.

New Dwelling on Hay Street.

Mr. Walton, at present living in the Starr residence on upper Hay street, is collecting building material and making preparation for the erection of a new dwelling-house just west of the one he now occupies. It is a good lot and desirable location, convenient to all the business portion of the town.

Improvements in Building.

Mr. R. F. Peterson is building a neat dwelling on Old street on a lot which he has recently purchased adjoining the residence of Miss Emily Hart. With his wonted vim and energy he is, we understand, superintending the mechanical work in person—Dr. Barker credited him with the phrenological bumps of a good artisan as well as an adept in photography.

A Serious Accident.

We learn with much regret that on Monday, the 8th inst., while Mr. A. A. McNeill, of Robeson county, was driving from Red Springs to his home about two miles distant, accompanied by his wife, his horse took fright and ran away, throwing them out of the vehicle and inflicting upon both very serious injuries. Maj. George H. Hall, who furnished to us the information, and who temporarily resides with the family of Mr. McNeill, feared that Mrs. McNeill especially was badly hurt.

A Very Poor, Cheap Fraud.

We were pestered last Saturday by a "beat" who couldn't hold a candle to the weather-prophet man who called on us the week before. The latter was jaunty and breezy, and we wouldn't mind inviting such a fellow to sit down to Thanksgiving dinner (if we had a Thanksgiving dinner).

The individual of Saturday came in playing the role of a deaf and dumb cripple, and was in and out during the day. Along toward night—having somehow procured a supply of Remorse Generator at a groggery—he got reckless, and "gave himself away." One of the force in the office suddenly asked him why he limped, and he said he "had rheumatism," in very fair vernacular, only obscured by the thickness of his breath. He got off one good thing, though, whether he appreciated its fine point or not. He wrote on his paper that he was "deaf and dumb—a cripple—had no friends—was fit for nothing—couldn't work—and thought he'd learn the printing business."

Time's Mighty Changes.

Passing along Hay street not long since, and happening to glance across the way, we saw, moving along just at the corner of Hay and Donaldson streets, the venerable and venerated Beverly Rose; and, towering above his bowed and aged head, were the lofty walls of Starr's new building—crowned with mansard roof, mounted with cornice and pilaster, and enclosing high-pitched halls and spacious apartments.

Almost within arm's reach of the "pavement stones resounding with his cane," he stood nearly three-quarters of a century ago, then in the flush and strength of early manhood, and superintended the loading of wagons with cotton, to be driven overland to Philadelphia, a distance of 500 miles! Doubtless, too, as Mr. Rose stood with pencil and note-book in hand, hogshead after hogshead of tobacco passed him, grown in Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina, and rolled along on the ground by horse-power, on their way to the warehouses in Campbellton.

He has lived to see building after building erected on that spot, only to go down in ashes; to see the last vestige of the tobacco trade departed and the quaint old warehouses dusty, silent and crumbling into ruin—and now, full of years and usefulness, having caught with his young eye's quick sight the dawn of this century and basked in its noonday splendor in the prime of his manhood, he watches in quiet reverie its crowning glories in the evening of his days, and muses upon the mighty march of the present time—a new and splendid architecture on every side, and the wondrous powers of electricity suspending on the wires of the telegraph and binding into the woof of the telephone all the thoughts and wants and needs of civilization and progress.

Just at this moment youth's bounding pace disturbs the halting footsteps of old age, and the bustling, pushing *present* jostles and elbows the gray-haired *past*, as the telegraph messenger boy whirls past the old gentleman and hurries round to Col. Starr's office to deliver a message flashed over the wires—the price, from thousands of miles across the ocean, of the cotton once hauled from that starting point for days and weeks over the rough highways of a new and growing country!

The Memorial Association.

We have been requested to give notice that there will be a meeting of the ladies of the Memorial Association to-morrow (Friday) afternoon, at 4:30 o'clock, in the hall of the Library Association, its use for the occasion having been kindly granted by Mr. E. T. McKethan, the President of the Association.

It is designed this year to afford ample time for perfecting all the arrangements necessary to a proper celebration of the solemn anniversary of the 10th of May—the appointment of committees, procuring an orator, etc.

It is earnestly requested that all members of the association, as well as all others whose hearts are in the task of perpetuating the memory of those to whom their country owes the tribute of the tear of sorrow and the cypress wreath, may be present at the meeting to-morrow afternoon. From the abundance of an overflowing treasury a grateful nation keeps green the graves of those who purchased victory with their blood, and ministers to the wants of the wives and children of the "unshrouded dead:" even in our poverty we can sanctify the cause which was so dear by breathing above our soldiers' graves woman's soft sigh and the chaplain's fervent prayer, while we lay above their heads God's fairest flowers and twine about the memorial shaft the clinging evergreen.

Death and Taxes.

They both come along the pathway of poor humankind with unerring certainty, and most people are about as unwilling to settle up with the one as the other. Although the majority of people have a dim idea that the taxes have to be paid at some time or other, they content themselves with the comfortable feeling that the day of reckoning may be indefinitely postponed.

The following two or three prominent facts may be briefly stated for the benefit of the tax-payer and the citizen liable to the poll assessment: The taxes are due on and after the 1st day of October, and the Sheriff of the county is required to make settlement of the school tax in December and the State tax in January. Last year's taxes are therefore long overdue, and those in arrears will save trouble by a prompt clearing off of all scores at the Sheriff's office.

The Cumberland Fair.

The meeting of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society takes place next month, and in a few days Capt. Jno. B. Broadfoot, with a committee, will canvass the town for special premiums for the next annual fair. It is proposed to work the matter up this year "for all it is worth." Many persons are willing to give premiums, but are hesitating and uncertain as to where to place them. Capt. Broadfoot designs taking with him the regular premium list, and in whatever department a business man is willing to offer a premium, it will be incorporated in the regular premium list, and the donor gets credit not only in the newspaper publication but in the annual catalogue.

Our people should remember that by next fall the Wilson Short-Cut will have been completed, and the new road will bring to our fair a great crowd of visitors and excursionists.

Dr. Barker's Lectures.

Williams Hall has been well-filled night after night with audiences listening in pleased attention to the lectures of Dr. Barker. Blindfolded, he has given several exhibitions of his proficiency in the delineation and analysis of character by phrenological examination, and the varied and useful information with which his discourses are filled has afforded many hours of instructive entertainment to our people. While no stranger in this community—we heard his voice on the rostrum when his form was a litte straighter and less of the hoar frost of time was sprinkled on his hair and beard, when he first said Dr. McDuffie had a head like Dr. Gall, and before Dr. Warren declared of him that he "read character as if by inspiration"—he does not "wear out his welcome" in Fayetteville, and gains new friends with each visit.

Fire.

The dwelling-house of Sarah Cain, colored, was destroyed by fire on Friday morning at about 3 o'clock. When discovered, the flames had already made great headway and it was found impossible to save the building. The fire was caused by the ignition of an ash barrel propped against the kitchen.

Much sympathy is expressed for Sarah Cain in her loss, as she was regarded as a very estimable woman in the community, having been for many years a trusted servant in the family of Mr. A. H. Slocomb.

Another Great Fire in Wilmington.

Last Sunday morning, as throngs of people—unusually large on account of the mild weather—were on their way to church, the news became common on the streets that the city of Wilmington was even then enduring the loss and distress of another big fire, and many expressions of deep sympathy were heard in behalf of the devoted community. Fortunately, it did not approach the formidable dimensions of the recent conflagration, but it was no small affair, as the following account from the *Star* of the 14th inst. will show:

This city was visited by another fire yesterday evening, which, for a time, created great alarm, many people fearing that the flames would extend with the sweeping rapidity that attended the great fire on the 21st of February last.

The fire broke out about 7 o'clock in a small frame shed in rear of the brick building on the west side of North Water between Princess and Chestnut streets, owned by Col. John W. Atkinson, and occupied as offices by insurance and shipping agents. A brisk wind was blowing and the flames spread rapidly. The shed had been used for a long time for the storage of oil by the Chess-Corley Company, afterwards by the Messrs. Boney for the storage of spirits turpentine and cotton, and subsequently by Messrs. George Harriss & Co. as a receptacle for old barrels and other rubbish. The inflammable contents of the shed burned rapidly and the brick building adjoining was soon on fire, the flames spreading subsequently to the brick stores adjoining on the south, occupied by Messrs. George Harriss & Co. and Messrs. Keith & Hollingsworth, all of which were consumed. On the north, the fire spread to the coal and wood yard of Messrs. Anthony & Bryce, destroying a shed and a quantity of coal and wood. The firemen did splendid service and prevented the spread of the fire further.

There was great danger at one time of the flames crossing Water street, to the long range of offices and business houses lining that thoroughfare on the East side; many of the buildings on that side were repeatedly on fire but the hosemen were vigilant and successfully guarded the endangered buildings. The storekeepers on that side of the street were greatly alarmed, and many of them removed their effects to places of safety. In fact the experience of the last great fire was too fresh in the minds of all to prevent the greatest apprehension, many persons seeming to be impressed with the conviction that the fire would sweep the whole block bounded by Princess, Chestnut, Water and Front, including the *Star* office, the Bank of New Hanover, the Orton House and other buildings.

The sufferers by the fire were Col. John W. Atkinson, two brick buildings and shed; Messrs. Jno. W. Gordon & Smith, insurance agents, office; J. M. Chasteen & Son, office; J. H. Chadbourn & Co., office; E. G. Barker & Co., shipping agents, office; Atkinson & Manning, insurance agents, office; George Harriss & Co., shipping agents, office; Keith & Hollingsworth, grocers; Navassa Guano Co., office; E. Lilly, commission merchant, office; Anthony & Bryce, wood and coal dealers. The Produce Exchange building was damaged to the extent of about $1,500. Messrs. E. Kidder & Son, whose office was in the Produce Exchange building, sustained no damage. Messrs. Woody & Currie, who occupied the lower part of the same building, were damaged greatly by water, with which the building was flooded. In the front part of their store they had about seventy-five bales of cotton.

The loss is estimated at about eighteen thousand dollars on buildings, office furniture and stocks destroyed. But besides this, many persons sustained loss in the removal of goods and in the destruction of valuable records and papers that cannot be replaced.

The fire is said to have been caused accidentally by a lad named Willie Watkins, employed as an office boy by Messrs. Geo. Harriss & Co., who was in the shed, and who threw a match on the floor with which he had just lighted a cigarette.

An Offering from the "Sunny South."

From the "Land of Flowers," where the orange groves gleam with their golden fruit, the alligator in the everglades snaps his ugly jaws and the breezes come softly in with the perfume they have stolen from the tropics on their way, this leaf flutters to our sanctum—composed by a little girl only 12 years old, a genuine North Carolinian, who went to live in Pensacola some months ago:

THE LITTLE CHILD THAT DIED.

The night was dark and dreary,
The wind was raging wild;
A patient mother sat beside
The death-bed of her child.

"Oh, mother," said the dying child—
Her voice was weak and low—
"Oh, mother, if you only knew
How I do long to go!

Not that I wish to leave you;
That's not why I wish to die—
Oh, darling mother, do not weep!
I hate to see you cry—

But I long to be with my Savior
In that beautiful home above,
Where there's never pain or sorrow—
Nothing but joy and love!"

Her voice grew faint and fainter,
Her breath was failing fast,
And the mother saw with sorrow
That her child was near the last.

"Good night to you, dear mother;
Kiss me once before I die,
And sometimes come to see me
When 'neath the grass I lie."

These were the last words that she said,
And her mother wept and cried;
She wept o'er the form of her darling—
For the little girl had died.

The Court-House at Troy Burned.

Last Thursday morning just after breakfast fire was discovered in a portion of the court-house at Troy, Montgomery county, N. C., and although the alarm was promptly given and every effort made to check the flames the building was entirely destroyed.

The fire orignated on the second floor in the office of Col. B. F. Simmons, a leading lawyer of the county and section, and rapidly communicated to other parts of the building. At one time almost the whole of the village was endangered, and it required the most strenuous efforts of the citizens to save other valuable property.

Horne's Baking Powder.

"Encourage home manufactures" is a very common injunction to Southern people, and it is very wholesome advice, trite as it is. The people of this community have an opportunity of doing that very thing, for there is an article of daily use—a baking powder—manufactured by Mr. H. R. Horne right in our midst. One need not await the verdict of another on the merits of the article, for we have Mr. Horne's assurance of its purity, and that should be sufficient for all who want their food prepared without the admixture of deleterious adulterations.

Directors' Railroad Meeting.

A meeting of the Directors of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway Company was held at Greensboro last week which was well-attended by the members of the board, Messrs. J. D. Williams, E. J. Lilly and Jno. M. Rose and Maj. W. M. S. Dunn being present from Fayetteville. The work of extension west goes steadily on; fifty miles of track have been graded, the cross-ties furnished and the bridge built. Col. T. J. Jones is at Greensboro with a force of 100 convicts, preparing their quarters and getting ready for the work at that point.

The Supreme Court.

For the information of readers throughout this section, we give below the cases from this district so far as taken up and disposed of before the Supreme Court of North Carolina:

Leach vs. Town of Fayetteville, from Cumberland; continued under former order.

State vs. Pickett, from Robeson; motion by State to dismiss.

State vs. McMillan, from Moore; motion by State to dismiss.

State vs. Bracksville, from Richmond; motion by State to dismiss.

Pry vs. Currie, from Moore; put to the end of the district.

Worthy vs. Brady, from Moore; put to the end of the district.

Thames vs. Jones, from Cumberland; put to the end of the district.

Ray vs. Thornton, from Cumberland; put to the end of the district.

State vs. Cole, from Moore; put to the end of the district.

LOCAL TWINKLINGS.

Mr. Thos. H. Sutton has been attending Bladen Superior Court this week.

Messrs. Murchison and Buchanan, of Moore county, visited Fayetteville last week.

Miss Jennie Hotchkiss, of Torlington, Conn., is visiting the family of her grandfather, Gen. A. G. Brady.

Thanks to the manager for complimentary tickets to the fine panorama of Palestine in Williams Hall to-night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McD. Robinson arrived in Fayetteville last Saturday night, and are stopping at the Overbaugh House.

Next Sunday the day and night fall over and hang down exactly the same length on each side of the line—the vernal equinox.

Mr. M. J. Moore has resigned his position as route agent on the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway, and Mr. Reese has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Lauchlin Cameron, one of the newspaper fraternity, of long standing and "prehistoric associations" in the business, as Mark Twain would say, made us a pleasant visit last week.

Mr. Jno. P. Stedman, a native of Fayetteville, now a resident of Chatham county, paid our town a visit last week, looking in splendid health, and was welcomed with pleasure by his many friends.

Since yesterday morning spring seems to have commenced in earnest, and there are unmistakable evidences of the final breaking up of winter. The farmers and gardeners are now hard at work preparing the soil.

Mr. Jno. M. Rose, after an absence of some days on official business, is back at his post. He expects to "go strong" on his military record hereafter, and on his next trip the reporters may brevet him to the rank of General.

Our community has lately had quite a genius in the handiwork of carving. Capt. J. B. Smith the other day showed us a walking-cane fashioned by Geo. Williams, a colored man, which is a wonder of nicety and skill. Williams learned his art in Mexico, and has an autograph letter from the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt enclosing a cheque of $50 for one of his canes.

GENERAL FAYETTEVILLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1886.

N. C. BACON—		HIDES—	
Hog Round,	8@9	Flint—good,	12@13
Sides,	9	Flint—damaged,	5@8
Hams,	10@11	Dry Salt,	9@10
WEST. BULK MEATS—		Green,	5
Sides,	6½@6¾	IRON—	
Shoulders,	5	American,	3
WESTERN BACON—		Swedes,	5@6
Sides,	7¾	LARD—	
Hams,	13@14	N. Carolina,	10
Shoulders,	6	Western,	8@10
BAGGING,	10½@12	LEATHER—	
BEEF—		Upper, country,	35@40
On foot,	2@3	Sole, Hemlock,	25@27
Dressed,	6@7	Harness, c'try,	25@30
BEESWAX,	20@21	Morocco,	25@40
BUTTER—		NAILS—	
North Carolina,	20@25	(10d basis),	3.00
Northern,	25@35	PORK—	
COFFEE—		Fresh,	5½@6
Java,	22@25	Mess,	(None.)
Rio,	9@12½	POTATOES—	
COTTON YARN,	85@95	Sweet,	40
COTTON TIES,	1.15@1.40	Irish—bbl.,	@3.00
CHICKENS,	20	SALT,	90@1.00
EGGS,	10	SUGARS—	
FLOUR—		Coffee,	6¼@7¼
N. C. Family,	(None.)	Granulated,	7¼@8¼
West. Fam.,	4.00@7.00	SHEETINGS,	6
FODDER,	85	SHUCKS,	45
GRAIN—		TALLOW,	5
Corn—new,	65	WOOL,	16
Oats,	55@60	SPIRITS—	
Rye,	90	Corn Whisky,	1.45
Peas—new,	65	Rye Whisky,	1.65
HAY—		Apple Brandy,	1.65
N. Carolina,	40@60	Peach Brandy,	2.00
Northern,	1.00@1.25		

Fayetteville Cotton and Naval Stores Market.

COTTON.—The market opened on Monday of this week at 8¼ cents, and remained on Tuesday and yesterday at 8¼ cents.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits was steady yesterday at 42@42½ cents.

Rosin was dull, prices ranging from 55 and 60 cents for common to $2.50 for fine grades.

Crude Turpentine—Hard 80@$1.00, Yellow Dip $1.50, Virgin $1.70.

Wilmington Market.

Special Telegram to Observer and Gazette.

WILMINGTON, N. C., March 17, 1886.—Middling cotton closes steady at 8¼ cents. Spirits quiet at 45½ cents. Rosin firm at 85 cents for Strained and 85 cents for Good Strained.

WORTH & WORTH.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THERE IS A CONSTANT WARFARE BEING waged between the various species of the animal kingdom. Think of the horribleness of an army of worms storming the citadel of life! A dose of Shriner's Indian Vermifuge will destroy them.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

—AT—

R.R.
T.T.T.
A M N S
C C C C C
A A A A A A
N N N N N N N
L L L L L L L L
I I I I I I I I
N N N N N N N N N

YOU WILL

F. F. F. F. F. G.

Find Fine, Fresh Family Fancy Groceries.

NO. 47 PERSON STREET, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

mar 18-tf

NOTICE.

MY INDENTURED APPRENTICE, AUGUSTUS MCNAIR, has run away from me, and I hereby forewarn all persons from harboring him or giving him any employment, as I will enforce the law against any person who may harbor or employ him.

mar 18-2t JAMES R. DEAL.

State of North Carolina—Cumberland County.

In the Superior Court.

F. W. Kerchner vs. John Black and others.

The purpose of this action is to subject a certain lot in Fayetteville, known as the "Arch'd G. Black residence," to the payment of a judgment of F. W. Kerchner vs. Arch'd G. Black, docketed in said court. The defendants, John Black, Mary Gray and husband, name unknown, Malcom Black, Arch'd Black and Frank Black, non-resident defendants in above entitled cause, are required to appear at May Term, 1886, of Cumberland Superior Court, and answer or demur to the complaint therein within the time prescribed by law.

T. S. LUTTERLOH,
Clerk Superior Court, Cumb. Co.
C. W. BROADFOOT,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Fayetteville, N. C., Mar. 16, 1886. 6w

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

More Evidence

AS TO THE VALUE OF

THE CLIPPER PLOW.

For fear some one might think the reasons we gave last week were not sufficient, or that we had difficulty in procuring the endorsements we published, we give another column this week, so that by the testimony of many witnesses the truth may be established beyond a doubt.

Fayetteville, N. C., Jan. 26, 1886.
I have used the "Boy Clipper Plow," and think it the best I ever ploughed with. JNO. M. VAUGHN.

Fayetteville, N. C., Feb. 26, 1886.
I am fully satisfied that the "Clipper Plow" is the *best*. RICHARD STRICKLAND.

Idaho, N. C., March 3, 1886.
I think the "Clipper Plow" the best I ever used, and I have been ploughing ever since I was large enough, and have used most all the leading Plows in use in this country, but like the "Clipper" the best. C. D. AVERETT.

Rocky Mount, N. C., Feb. 28, 1886.
I have used the "Boy Clipper Plow," and think it the best I have ever used. G. W. WYNN.

Kyle's Landing, N. C., March 8, 1886.
The "Clipper" is the best Plow I ever broke ground with. JACKSON JONES.

Beaver Dam, N. C., March 8, 1886.
The "Clipper" is the best Plow I ever used, especially for new ground. HENRY BULLARD.

Fayetteville, N. C., March 8, 1886.
The "Clipper" is the best Plow I ever saw or used. D. A. BLUE.

Fayetteville, N. C., March 9, 1886.
I never have used any Plow that equals the "Clipper Plow." McD. GEDDIE.

Fayetteville, N. C., March 12, 1886.
They don't make any better Plow than the "Boy Clipper." I have used them three years with satisfaction. I have used most all the Plows that have been on the market, but can get none that suits me as well as the "Boy Clipper." GEO. BREECE.

Fayetteville, N. C., March 13, 1886.
I say cheerfully for the "Clipper Plow" all that any man can say, for I think it surpasses all turn Plows that I have used, or that have come under my observation. W. B. DRAUGHON.

Savannah, N. C., March 13, 1886.
The "Boy Clipper" is the best Plow I ever used and as good as I care to use. LOVE MCLAURIN.

Savannah, N. C., March 13, 1886.
The "Boy Clipper" is the best Plow I know of. S. J. MCLAURIN.

Savannah, N. C., March 13, 1886.
I have used the "Boy Clipper" for the past three years, and am perfectly satisfied with it. DAVID MCLAURIN.

Athens, N. C., March 15, 1886.
After I had used the "Clipper Plow" I considered I was unfortunate not to have had it sooner. J. S. NICHOLSON.

Lumber Bridge, N. C., March 16, 1886.
I must endorse the "Clipper Plow." I consider it one of the best. J. H. MCEACHERN.

In further evidence of the demand for the "Clipper Plow," we submit the following letter from the manufacturers:

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 27, 1886.

MESSRS. A. S. HUSKE & CO., Fayetteville, N. C.:

Gentlemen—Your valued favor of the 25th to hand. The "20 Plows" went forward 23rd inst., and we hope you have them now. Will ship 20 more soon as we can—in 3 or 4 days, we think. Our Delaware, Maryland and Central Virginia trade is now opening fully, and they are crowding us; are over 1,000 Plows behind orders. Running night and day, and can soon "catch up."

Very truly,
S. R. WHITE & BRO.

If these are not sufficient, come and we will show you more, and before you leave you will be convinced, even though it be "against your will."

The Daisy Cultivator

is well worth your attention.

We expect shortly a new lot of

WETMORE'S
PATENT RIVET SEAM HORSE COLLARS.

HAMS, HAMS, &c.,

Constantly arriving.

BUILDERS

WILL DO WELL TO CALL ON US.

A Full Line of Groceries

AT ALL TIMES.

A. S. HUSKE & CO.

mar 18-tf

SEDBERRY

ALWAYS IN TIME!

He has just received a large supply of

BUIST'S

—CELEBRATED—

Garden Seeds,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Seed Motto: "NEW and FRESH or None."

jan 7-tf

THOS. M. HUNTER, D. D. S.

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Fayetteville and surrounding country.

☞ Office North-east corner Market Square.

April 29, 1880. 2-tf

BUILDERS

Can find what they want, and SAVE MONEY

By buying at Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

OATS

At Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

HENRY L. COOK,

Attorney at Law.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

All business entrusted to his care will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

☞ May be found at the office of Thomas H. Sutton, Esq. jan 7-tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEFORE GOING NORTH

(SPRING, 1886,)

ROSE & LEAK

have made some careful selections by sample of

Seasonable Goods

to meet the usual demand which comes with the first warm days of early spring, consisting of

ALL VARIETIES OF

White Goods,

Checked and X Bar Muslins,

Victoria Lawns

And INDIA LINENS.

A large lot of

HAMBURG EMBROIDERY,

Oriental and other Laces in "all-over" effects and tinted shades,

RIBBONS and TRIMMINGS.

Also a beautiful lot of the latest styles of

DRESS GOODS:

Ellen Terry Cloths,

Danubian Suitings,

Paris Stripes

And Summer Silks.

A large variety of

DRESS GINGHAMS,

(Very pretty.)

NEW PRINTS,

NEW STYLE BUTTONS,

Light Shades in

KIDS AND OTHER GLOVES.

A large lot of

JERSEYS,

(Always a useful article of dress.)

A splendid lot of

MISSES' and CHILDREN'S HOSIERY.

A large variety of

"Scrim" and other Curtain goods.

A full line of

Housefurnishing Goods

Towels,

Sheetings,

Damasks, etc.,

Table and Floor Oil Cloths,

Mattings, etc.

Prices have been reduced to close out the balance of the large stock of Carpets and Rugs.

The Wholesale Department

(On 2nd Floor)

Has been recruited by

10,000 Yds. N. C. PLAIDS,

A large variety of

Cottonades,

Domestics,

Prints,

Jeans

And other goods.

☞ The attention of THE TRADE is called to these goods.

The SHOE DEPARTMENT

was never so complete as now. It embraces all grades, from the

Coarse Brogan and Women's Pegged Shoes

——To the Finest——

ZIEGLER

And other hand-made work.

The Hat Department

is also very complete. Many new styles have been received, including the

Celebrated "STETSON" Make.

Also, the latest blocks in Stiff Brim and Silk Hats.

At ROSE & LEAK'S

You can find

Ziegler Shoes,

Centimeri Kid Gloves,

C. P. Corsets,

DIAMOND SHIRTS,

Coats' Cotton,

E. & W. Collars and Cuffs.

The LADIES do not forget that the

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

can be had in Fayetteville ONLY OF ROSE & LEAK.

☞ Subscriptions to the DELINEATOR received.

All patterns at New York prices.

☞ ROSE & LEAK'S store is first-class in every respect, and they are determined to maintain the high character they have won for honest and fair dealing and polite attention to all.

ROSE & LEAK.

mar 11-1m

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW Crockery Store

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. D. BROWN & CO.,

NO. 8 HAY STREET, TWO DOORS FROM S. J. HINSDALE'S CORNER,

Invite attention to their large line of DECORATED and PLAIN

White French China TEA SETS and DINNER SETS

From the celebrated potteries of Chas. Field, Haviland & Co., Limoges, France. We exhibit a large assortment of

Bohemian Colored Glass Water Sets and Table Sets,

which is now so popular and stylish. We show a variety of

25 STYLES of DECORATED and PLAIN Chamber Sets.

We exhibit an immense stock of

Lamps and Lamp Fixtures:

Students' Lamps of every make, Parlor Lamps, Library Lamps, Hall Lamps, Reflector Lamps, Lanterns, etc.

We invite inspection of our stock of

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,

Wall Paper with borders to match,
Window Shades, Shade Fixtures, Oil Cloth,
Fancy Baskets, Table Mats, Door Mats,
Willowware generally, Tinware, Agateware,
Knives and Forks, Scissors, Shears, Pocket Knives,
Iron, Britannia and Silver-plated Spoons and Forks,
Feather Dusters and Counter Dusters,
Brooms and Whisk Brooms.

☞ We have the upstairs of our store and warehouse packed with goods to meet the demands of wholesale buyers.

feb 25-tf J. D. BROWN & CO., Crockery and Glassware.

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Prices cheerfully given—WITH CLOSE FIGURES—in my

Crockery

—and—

Glassware.

TINWARE SOLD FOR A SONG.

At Headquarters.

GEO. A. THOMSON.

CALL AND SEE THE

AURORA

WATCH,

WHICH HAS BEEN PRONOUNCED BY

1,500

WATCHMAKERS

TO BE

The Best Made

FOR THE MONEY,

AND FOR WHICH WE ARE

SOLE AGENTS

AT

Prior's Jewelry Store.

jan 21-tf

I Guarantee My Butter

FOR PURITY AND SWEETNESS.

THE FINEST CREAM CHEESE,

ITALIAN MACCARONI

Always in stock

At Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

THE ONLY INDESTRUCTIBLE

MONUMENT MADE!

ENDORSED BY SCIENTISTS AS PRACTICALLY Indestructible

Over 500 Beautiful Designs.

BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ANY STONE.

Send for Price List & Circulars.

MANUFACTURED BY MONUMENTAL BRONZE COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT CONN.

J. B. STARR, AGENT,
dec 24-tf Fayetteville, N. C.

FLOUR! MEAL

ARE LEADING CONSIDERATIONS.

The best goods that can be had. I pay especial attention to my FLOUR TRADE.

GEO. A. THOMSON,
Headquarters.

Outward-Bound.

I sit and watch the ships go out
  Across the widening sea;
How one by one, in shimmering sun,
  They sail away from me.
I know not to what lands they sail,
  Nor what the freight they bear;
I only know they outward go
  While all the winds are fair.

Beyond the low horizon line,
  Where my short sight must fail,
Some other eyes a watch will keep,
  Where'er the ships may sail;
By night, by day, or near, or far,
  O'er narrow seas and wide,
These follow still at love's sweet will,
  Whatever may betide.

So 'round the world the ships will sail,
  To dreary land or fair,
So with them go, for weal or woe,
  Some dear ones everywhere.
How will they speed each lagging keel,
  When homeward it is laid,
Or watch will keep o'er surges deep,
  If there a grave be made.

Oh, human love, so tried, so true,
  That knows not mete nor bound,
But follows with unwearied watch
  Our daily changing round!
O love divine, O love supreme,
  What matters where I sail,
So I but know, where'er I go,
  Thy watch will never fail!

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

She Would Dust.

From the Detroit Free Press.

He had a back-load of feather-dusters as he rang the door-bell on east Montcalm street yesterday, and when a woman just opened the door about two inches and said that nothing was wanted, he inquired:

"Madam, will you kindly inform me who lives next door?"

"Next door?" she queried, coming out on the step. "Why, it's a new family, and I don't remember the name."

"Lady puts on a good deal of style, don't she?"

"Rather."

"I thought so. That's the way with that sort of people: they put it all upon their backs. I asked her if she didn't want a duster to dust her upholstered furniture and brie-a-brac, and she slammed the door in my face. She didn't have any to dust, you see. People who have plush furnitnre and articles of *virtu* and taste always want my goods. Pleasant day, madam."

"Y-e-s. What did you say the price was?"

"Seventy-five cents, madam, and the woman next door is peeping at us through the parlor blinds."

"Is she? Well, I'll take one; and if there should be any other invention to dust brie-a-brac and oil paintings, you might call around. You may also bring me a box of polish for solid silver-ware."

The Eight-hour Law for Her.

From the Washington Critic.

"Papa," said the blooming daughter of a large employer of labor, "are you in favor of the eight-hour system?"

"Well, daughter," he answered, "under certain circumstances I am."

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Why, my dear, why are you so much interested?"

"Because, papa, George has been staying only four hours every evening, and he told me last night that if you favored the eight-hour system he needn't go home near so early. You dear old papa, I'm so glad you are in favor of it!" and she threw her white arms about his neck and choked off all explanation.

Figures Cannot Lie.

A.—I tell you that mathematics is an incontrovertible science; in fact, it is logic itself! For instance: suppose it takes 1 man 12 days to build this wall—then 12 men can build it in 1 day.

B—Certainly; therefore 288 can build it in an hour, and 17,280 in a minute; and if 1,036,800 set to work the wall will be up in a second—that is, before a single stone could be lifted to its place.

"In Boston, Sarah, dear," corrected her aunt, "young ladies never say 'pants.'"

"I beg pardon, aunt," said the Western young woman, with a blush of vexation, "I should have said 'pawnts.'"

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Lemon Trifle.

One large sponge cake sliced, one quart of milk, three eggs, five tablespoonfuls of pounded white sugar, two teaspoonfuls of extract of lemon and one-fourth of the rind of a lemon grated. Arrange the sliced cake in a deep dish, and pour a teacupful of hot milk over it to soak it; beat the sugar and yolks of the eggs together; heat the milk and pour it upon the eggs by degrees, stirring all the time; return it to the saucepan and continue stirring until it thickens; let it cool a little, add the flavoring and pour it over the cake. When perfectly cold, heap upon it a meringue made of the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff froth, sweetened with a tablespoonful of sugar and flavored with the extract of lemon and rind. The meringue should be made just before serving.

Vienna Coffee.

Leach or filter the coffee through a filterer or any of the many coffee-pots that filter instead of boiling the coffee; allow one tablespoonful of ground coffee to each person and one extra for the pot; pour one quart of cream into a milk-boiler and keep it boiling; beat the white of an egg to a froth, and add to it three tablespoonfuls of cold milk; add these to the boiling cream and coffee, stirring all together briskly for a minute or two, and then serve in large breakfast cups.

Brown Bread.

Sift thoroughly together half a pint of flour, one pint of corn-meal, half a pint of rye-flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of brown sugar. Peel, wash and boil two medium-sized potatoes; rub them through a sieve and beat them well with half a pint of water. Then make up your batter, putting in the potato; set the pan in boiling water for an hour, and then bake for an hour.

Currant Buns.

Wash and rub well one half pound of dried currants, being careful to free them from gravel, sticks, etc., which they are almost sure to contain; sift one quart of flour and mix the currants thoroughly in it, adding one teacupful of sugar and the ingredients as for making biscuit dough. Roll out and bake in a very quick oven.

North Carolina Cake.

Whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, two cupfuls of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, two and a half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder; flavor to taste, and bake in a moderate oven.

A can of tomatoes, boiled for an hour with a beef bone, a chopped onion with seasoning, makes a palatable soup.

THE FARMERS' COLUMN.

FARM EQUIPMENT.

Suggestions as to Employment and Management of Capital.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The capital which farmers have invested in their business may be said to consist of two kinds—fixed capital and floating capital. The former includes land and buildings; the latter, stock, implements, fertilizers, money, etc.

That many farmers have too large a percentage of their total capital invested in the fixed and too little invested in the floating form is a statement that cannot be controverted. There must exist a certain proportion between the two in order that the funds invested may yield the maximum profit. Let us see how this is.

Suppose a farmer worth $10,000 has the whole of it invested in lands and buildings, saving nothing with which to purchase the appliances of the farm. The farmer can do nothing with his bare hands, the land will not operate itself, and the property must lie idle or borrowed capital be brought into use. This extreme case is like owning an ore bank with no money and no machinery for securing the ore. In another case a farmer may save a small sum for the purpose of buying stock and machinery, and so be able to carry on his business in a lame, halting and comparatively unprofitable manner. This is what many farmers in some sections seem to have done. They own large farms, miserably equipped. If they get any spare cash out of their farming operations it immediately goes into bonds or some outside security. The land is not worked up to half its capacity, and their farming is necessarily of the slowest, dullest sort.

What is the remedy? Does any such farmer own 200 acres of land? Let him sell 50 acres, and purchase sufficient stock and implements to cultivate the remaining 150 acres in a thorough, vigorous manner. It may even be better in some instances to borrow money than to sell the land in order to purchase the necessary appliances to ensure the right sort of farm work. But in any case, a good business policy demands that the land shall not be allowed to lie idle any more than should a team of draft horses, and, moreover, that it shall be kept in constant and active use.

It may be asked, What proportion should exist between fixed and floating capital? The answer is, that no fixed relation can be established, but it must depend upon circumstances. It should be such, however, as to secure the following desirable conditions:

1. The machinery should be labor-saving to the full extent of modern invention, and should be in kind and quantity sufficient to enable the farmer to work his land thoroughly and in season, and to harvest his crops promptly and in good order.

2. The machinery of the farm-house should be equally labor-saving and complete. Improved implements to add to the comfort and convenience of the men in the field, and nothing to lighten the labors of the hard-worked women of the household, is a disgrace to any farmer who allows it.

3. Sufficient stock should be kept to insure the maintainance of the fertility of the farm, or, better still, its increase. There are very few large farms where a stock of well-bred animals should not form part of the equipment.

4. A farmer should not be so short of available funds that he cannot perfectly control the sale of his produce. In everything he must manage his business, and not let his business manage him.

Some seem to have a passion for increasing the acreage of their farms. This is well enough when the means for cultivating lands increase in proportion with the acreage, but it is often wiser to employ spare funds in the improvement of land already owned. The whole capital invested should be worked to the full measure of its capacity.

The Time and Manner of Ploughing.

From the New York World.

No definite rule can be laid down by which to govern either the time or manner of ploughing, but each piece of land must be considered by itself, and broken up at the season and in the way best suited to its necessities. To decide that land shall be ploughed in fall or spring, shallow or deep, without considering the nature of the soil, the locality and the character of the crop, is a piece of folly no progressive farmer would be guilty of committing. While judgment is required in this matter of ploughing, and each farmer must decide many questions for himself, there exist some general rules that may aid in arriving at right conclusions.

Heavy clay soil seems to require the alternate freezings and thawings of winter to pulverize it. Fields overrun with weeds are benefited by fall ploughing, as it turns under these noxious growths with the haulm of the crops before the seeds mature, and not only destroys them but forces them to enrich the land. The exposure of injurious insects to the weather is another argument in favor of fall ploughing.

The depth of the soil and the character of the subsoil must determine the question of deep or shallow ploughing. The subsoil, as a rule, should not be brought out of its bed except in small quantities, to be exposed to the atmosphere during the winter and spring or in a summer fallow, but not even then except when such fertilizers are applied as are necessary to put it at once in a productive condition. Two indifferent soils of opposite character, as a stiff clay and sliding sand, sometimes occupy the relation of surface and subsoil to each other. When thoroughly incorporated and subjected to deep cultivation, the two will produce a soil of increased value.

River soils having good natural drainage respond favorably to deep ploughing, as do the black, porous and fertile limestone soils. Land that is dry, with but a few inches of good soil, will produce more satisfactory crops by shallow ploughing.

These conditions, however, are susceptible of improvement by a thorough system of subsoiling and liberal manuring. Deep ploughing is not advisable when a basin is formed below a certain line in which water will settle and remain until it can escape by evaporation. Such soils require drainage before they can be ploughed deep. To sum up the subject briefly: thin soil with worthless subsoil must be ploughed shallow until the farmer can afford to manure and subsoil for a number of years. Deep clay loams and alluvial soils bear deep ploughing. Wet lands should be drained previous to deep ploughing. The medium course of ploughing—from 5 to 6 inches deep—is exempt from the harmful results of either extreme. There exists a unanimity of opinion among farmers that dry or sandy soil requires flat ploughing, as it serves to consolidate the earth, while on low or strong soils the furrows are best left on edge.

Making Manure.

Depend mainly on the barn for your manure supply. Stable manures perform double and triple duty: they not only supply plant-food, but have a mechanical or chemical action that brings out the fertilizing qualities—an important function.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Items of Interest at Home and Abroad.

Thomas A. Edison's present to his bride was a pearl and gold necklace.

Mrs. Hancock's friends in Washington are talking of presenting to her a house in that city.

It is said that the wife of Representative Arnot, of Illinois, has just bought a diamond pin for $11,000.

Nina Moulton, of Boston, is engaged to Baron Raaber, who is said to be the richest nobleman in Denmark.

Judge William M. Carey, Fish Commissioner for Nevada, has now 135,000 young trout in his hatching boxes.

Mme. Sembrich's little son is to be named Marcel Christian, the last name being for Christine Nillson, his grandmother.

Mrs. Mackay is said to be no longer amiably disposed toward the Parisians, and she has given Paris the go-by of late.

Sarah Bernhardt says that she expects to make 1,600,000 francs, or about $320,000 during her coming engagement in America.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria is still in poor health, and has been compelled to abandon her much-loved equestrian and sword exercise.

Mrs. Ochsenrider, of Wells county, Ind., is 91 years old, and her fourteen children are all alive, the eldest being 71, the youngest 46 years old.

An admirer of Miss Kate Sanborn says she is a blonde of 40 and says wittier things every day than she has put into her book, "Wit of Women."

John Drew, the father of the young clergyman to whom Miss Mary Gladstone was married, is one of the most active Conservatives in Devonshire.

Pauline Lucca writes to friends in London that her health is completely restored, and that she will resume the duties of her profession in Berlin in April.

Judic's engagement in Havana is said to have been the most phenomenally successful ever known in that city. The receipts for nineteen performances are stated at $83,459.45.

The annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society takes place in Chicago, Ill., on April 13, 14 and 15. Commissioner E. G. Blackford and Prof. Frederick Mather will represent New York.

There is a small tree in the gulch near Tuscarora, Nevada, the foliage of which, at certain seasons, is said to be so luminous that it can be distinguished a mile away on the darkest nights. Its luminosity is attributed to parasites.

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, proposes to introduce the rainbow trout into the headwaters of Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian Territory, which rise in the Ozark Hills. This is a larger territory than the Adirondacks, yet it has no native trout.

Mrs. Ella Offul Kean, whom Joaquin Miller pronounced the most beautiful woman he had seen in any clime, is described as tall and stylish, and bright and agreeable in manner. Her eyes are dark brown and her hair a golden tint. Her complexion is a clear cream, and her features are classic and slightly aquiline.

VALUABLE INFORMATION ON ALL SUBJECTS.

The Wool Crop.

In 1885 Great Britain retained for consumption 365,000,000 pounds of wool, and the United States 398,000,000 pounds, but those for England would yield the greatest amount of scoured wool.

Manufacture of Glue.

In the United States there are eighty-two factories engaged in the manufacture of glue, and they employ altogether about 2,000 hands. The value of the product is above $5,000,000 a year.

Southern Enterprise.

That the South is not lacking in enterprise is evident from the fact that 1,865 new enterprises, with an aggregate capital reaching the sum of $109,269,500, were organized in the Southern States during 1884.

Butterine and Oleomargarine.

There are six firms engaged in the manufacture of butterine and oleomargarine in Chicago, and it is said that one makes two freight carloads a day; another which advertises fine grades a specialty, 30,000 pounds daily; another has made 4,500,000 pounds in eight months, and a fourth reports a sale of 3,000,000 pounds for the year, "almost all of which was shipped to Eastern markets."

The Size of South America.

South America is more than double the size of the United States. The Empire of Brazil seems on the map quite as large as Australia. It is twenty-four times the size of England. The Argentine Republic is nearly as large as Europe, taking Russia out. Bolivia and Venezuela are each twice the size of England, New Grenada and Peru each as large as England and Scotland, Ecuador something less, Paraguay equal to Great Britain, Uruguay and Chili about the same, and the little known regions of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego at least double the dimensions of Great Britain. British, French and Dutch Guiana are nearly as large as Great Britian.

The Postal Card.

Statistics concerning the new American postal card are now in order. The material used is twenty-five per cent. wood pulp and seventy-five per cent. fine rags. It takes about twelve hours to convert the raw material into the cards, and between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 of them are turned out daily, giving employment to about 130 women and girls. They come from the press in sheets of forty cards each. It costs $100 a month for the little paper bands that are placed about the bunches of twenty-five each. The new card has a water-mark that will aid in the detection of counterfeits. Even with a million turned out daily the demand is greater than the supply.

Profits of the Patent Office.

Washington Correspondence Globe-Democrat.

From 1820 to 1845 the business of the patent office grew rapidly, the yearly issue of patents averaging 7,250. In 1875, the first year of excess of fees over expenses, 14,387 patents were issued, and the increase has continued until for the year ending June 30, 1885, the applications filed, including reissues, numbered 35,685, upon which 22,298 patents were granted, realizing a revenue of $1,074,974.35, and involving an expenditure in the maintenance of the office of $934,123.11—a profit of over $140,000. The surplus is now covered into the treasury. As it represents a tax upon the inventive genius of the country, it should not exist, but the fees of granting patents should be reduced to a figure that would wipe it out. The cost of procuring a patent is no trifling sum to a poor inventor, and many are deterred for lack of it from pushing their discoveries into public notice and use.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GRAPE CURE.

Sal-Muscatelle
IN AMERICA
WITHOUT THE EXPENSE OF AN EUROPEAN JOURNEY!

The crystallized salts, as obtained in a pure state from grapes and choice fruit, in a portable, palatable, simple form, are now presented to the public of America as the grandest resolvent of impure blood, corrector of the liver and regulator of the bowels—the natural promoter of

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

Eminent physicians claim this achievement a new era in the allied science of medicine, as it furnishes the blood with its natural salines that are lost or eliminated every day.

Sal-Muscatelle
A POSITIVE, NATURAL

Sick Headache and Dyspepsia Cure.

Sal-Muscatelle is Nature's own product. It applies to the system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it is the simplest and best preventive and cure for all functional derangements of the liver and its kindred ailments; prevents the absorption of malarial diseases—fevers of all kinds; counteracts the effects of bad air, poor drainage and impure water; a powerful oxydizer of the blood; a natural specific for all skin eruptions, sick headaches, biliousness, nervousness, mental depression, and will remove the effects of accidental indigestion from excessive eating and drinking. Have it in your home and on your travels. It is a specific for the fagged, weary or worn-out.

Prepared by the
LONDON SAL-MUSCATELLE CO.,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Beware of imitations. The genuine in "blue wrappers only."

☞ Send for circulars to G. EVANOVITCH, General American Manager, P. O. Box 1968, New York City.
Mention this paper.

—AGENT—
B. E. SEDBERRY, Druggist,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
feb 4-1y

JAS. R. McNEILL & SON,

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers,

Furniture Upholstered and Varnished.

ALWAYS on hand a full stock of Wooden, White-Gloss and Metalic Coffins and Caskets, Burial Robes all sizes and styles.
All orders filled promptly *night* or day.

☞ Hearse furnished in town or country

We are also prepared to furnish

TOMBSTONES and MONUMENTS,

in any style. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. R. McNEILL & SON,
Fayetteville, N. C.
March 12, 1885. 109-tf

FOUTZ'S
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

No Horse will die of Colic, Bots or Mlng Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.
Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent Hog Cholera.
Foutz's Powders will prevent Gapes in Fowls.
Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.
Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every Disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject.
Foutz's Powders will give Satisfaction.
Sold everywhere.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale by
H. R. HORNE,
dec 24-1y Fayetteville, N. C

FOR COUGHS AND CROUP USE
TAYLOR'S
CHEROKEE REMEDY

The sweet gum, as gathered from a tree of the same name, growing along the small streams in the Southern States, contains a stimulating expectorant principle that loosens the phlegm, mediates the early morning cough, and stimulates the child to throw off the false membrane in croup or whooping-cough. When combined with the healing mucilaginous principle in the mullein plant of the old fields, present in Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein the finest known remedy for Coughs, Croup, Whooping-Cough and Consumption; and so palatable, any child is pleased to take it. Ask your druggist for it. Price, 25c. and $1. WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

Use DR. BIGGERS' HUCKLEBERRY CORDIAL for Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Children Teething. For sale by all druggists.

Sept. 3, 1885 1y

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Guano. Kainit. Acid.

The attention of FARMERS and the public generally is invited to the fact that I am now receiving my first consignment of

FERTILIZERS,

which consists of

4,000 BAGS SEA FOWL AND BRADLEY'S GUANO.
1,000 BAGS ACID, (Charleston),
1,000 " KAINIT, (German), *direct.*

Sea Fowl Guano

is the oldest brand sold in this State, and is fully up to standard.

During the season I shall keep constantly on hand full lines of

Bacon, Corn, Oats,
Sugar, Coffee, Molasses,
Tobacco, Flour, Soap,
Concentrated Lye, &c.

☞ All of which I offer for sale on reasonable terms.

jan 7-4m E. F. MOORE.

Carolina Baking Powder

NEWSPAPERS AND MEDICAL JOURNALS have been full of allusions to hurtful adulterations and impurities in articles of food—especially in Baking Powders. I place one on the market of *guaranteed purity*, manufactured with the care and precision exercised in compounding prescriptions. It is put up in full weight, half-pound cans, containing no alum or other cheapening ingredients. One trial will prove its merit. Manufactured by

H. R. HORNE,
mar 11 1m Fayetteville, N. C.

—AT—

PEMBERTON & PRIOR'S
NEW DRUG STORE.

PURE and GENUINE MEDICINES,
FRESH GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS,
Fine Perfumery, Tooth and Hair Brushes, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.
ALSO, ALL THE
Leading Patent Medicines of the Day.

PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully Compounded Day and Night.

feb 11-tf

TOBACCO!

The Durham Bull Tobacco Fertilizer
ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION!

It is excellent for plant beds, does not burn the young plant, and insures a quick and vigorous growth. There is none superior to the old reliable

"STAR BRAND"
SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE.

It gives the plant a quick growth and silky texture, and causes it to yellow finely on the hill.

☞ All for sale by

Feb. 18. A. E. RANKIN & CO. 4m

OVERBAUGH HOUSE,

A. OVERBAUGH, Proprietor,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THE LIBERAL PATRONAGE OF COMMERcial Agents and travelers is a sufficient guarantee of its excellent accommodations and good management. It stands among the first hotels of the State. Owned by the proprietor, every effort possible is put forth for the pleasure and comfort of its guests.

oct 29 6m

SEED.

D. M. FERRY'S Farm, Field, Garden and Flower.
CROSMAN BROS.' " " " " "

Seed Potatoes,

Carefully selected and unhoused since the freeze,

At Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

MERCHANT MILLS.

The Old Reliable Again to the Front!

IN STOCK and to arrive, all kinds of GRAIN. With a double set of Burrs I am able to turn out a large quantity of Meal per day and can thus offer special inducements to buyers of Ground Stuff.

Flouring Mill in first class order.

Feed Meal—corn, peas and oats—Cracked Corn and Oats, Bran, &c., a specialty.

Bolted Meal, same price as unbolted.

THE PLACE to get your Wool Carded or Cotton Ginned. JAS. D. McNEILL.

Fayetteville, May 28, 1885. 120-tf

THE LARGEST SEED HOUSE IN THE SOUTH.
ALL KINDS OF
SEEDS AND PLANTS
Send for New Illustrated Catalogue for 1886, and prices of Field Seeds. Mailed FREE.
T. W. WOOD & SONS,
Wholesale and Retail Seedsman, Richmond, Va.
Jan. 14 3m

A BARGAIN.

PAPERS BY THE HUNDRED FOR SALE at the office of the Observer and Gazette at a low price. This will be found very cheap wrapping and waste paper for laying down carpets, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WALTER WATSON,
RAY'S CORNER, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Notice! Notice! Notice!

—TO—

Carpenters, Bricklayers, Mill Wrights, Blacksmiths, Plasterers, Stonemasons, and Turpentine Operators:

A FULL LINE OF THE VERY BEST

TOOLS

—CAN BE FOUND AT THE—

HARDWARE STORE

—OF—

WALTER WATSON,

Manufacturer of all kinds of

EDGE TOOLS,

GUNS, RIFLES, &C., &C.

—AGENT FOR—

Laflin & Rand's Celebrated ORANGE and other brands of

Sporting Powder.

☞ Orders filled direct from magazine.

—AGENT FOR—

Fairbanks Scales,

At Factory Prices.

A FULL STOCK OF

ENGLISH CAST STEEL,
PLOW IRON AND STEEL,
TIRE BAND AND SHEET IRON,
HORSE AND MULE SHOES,
HORSE SHOE NAILS,
CUT AND WROUGHT NAILS,

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

I am still manufacturing

The Old-fashioned Wrought Plow.

☞ I am now to be found at Ray's corner, opposite my former store.

jan 21-tf WALTER WATSON.

CHAS. GLOVER'S HOTEL

(Formerly Proprietor of the Fayetteville Hotel.)

Is situated on corner of Hay and Railroad streets

IN A DELIGHTFULLY PLEASANT PORTION OF THE CITY,

and conveniently located for the traveling public.

The General Conduct of the House will be HOMELIKE.

Lunches, Meals, Hot Coffee and Tea Served on Arrival of Each Train.

dec 3-tf CHAS. GLOVER, Proprietor.

T. W. BROADFOOT & CO.

Successors to S. J. HINSDALE,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—

PURE AND GENUINE
MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS
PETROLEUM OIL AND LAMPS,

SPICES, FINE PERFUMERY,
TOOTH AND HAIR BRUSHES,
WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS,
OILS AND VARNISHES, SOAPS,
POTASH, STARCH, DYE STUFFS,
CHOICE GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.

We have just received a SECOND SUPPLY of

LANDRETH'S
New Crop Garden and Flower Seeds,
Always RELIABLE,

and are now ready to supply the demand with

Fertilizing Chemicals of all kinds.

feb 26-tf

A. MOORE.

Market Square and Green St.,

DEALER IN

Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars,

LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.

June 18, 1885. 123-tf

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway Co.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE NO. 13.

To take effect at 5:00 A. M., Nov. 23, 1885.

TRAIN NORTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Bennettsville,		8:20 a. m.
Shoe Heel,	9:40 a. m.	9:50 a. m.
Fayetteville,	12:00 m.	12:25 p. m
Sanford,	2:15 p. m.	2:25 p. m
Ore Hill,	3:43 p. m.	
Liberty,	4:37 p. m.	
Greensboro,	6:00 p. m.	

Dinner at Fayetteville.

TRAIN SOUTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Greensboro,		9:50 a. m.
Liberty,		11:05 a. m.
Ore Hill,		12:00 m.
Sanford,	1:20 p. m.	1:45 p. m.
Fayetteville,	3:50 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Shoe Heel,	6:05 p. m.	6:15 p. m.
Bennettsville,	7:30 p. m.	

Dinner at Sanford.

Freight and Passenger Train leaves Bennettsville Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 p. m., arriving at Shoe Heel at 4:30 p. m. and Fayetteville at 8 p. m.

Leaves Fayetteville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 a. m., Shoe Heel at 10 a. m. and arrives at Bennettsville at 12 m.

Freight and Passenger Train North leaves Fayetteville daily at 8 a. m., (connecting at Sanford with Freight and Passenger Trains to Raleigh), leaves Sanford at 11:30 a. m. and arrives at Greensboro at 5:40 p. m.

Leaves Greensboro daily at 5 a. m., leaves Sanford at 11:15 a. m. and arrives at Fayetteville at 2:40 p. m.

JNO. M. ROSE,
General Passenger Agent.
W. M. S. DUNN, General Superintendent.
nov 26-tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice!

I have opened out in my NEW STORE on Hay STREET a fine line of

GROCERIES,

FERTILIZERS
(*of various brands*),

Wagons, Wagon Harness, Plows, Castings and General Family Supplies,

which I offer to the trade AT LOWEST PRICES. I beg to call special attention to the merits of the

Tennessee Wagon and Dixie Boy Plow.

No better Wagon or turning Plow sold. I have just received a lot of 100 STONEWALL COTTON PLOWS, so popular with the trade. My goods are bought direct of first hands, and are offered at but a small margin above cost.

☞ I still continue my old stand on Gillespie-street, as heretofore. Call and examine my stock and prices before buying elsewhere.

feb 18-tf R. M. NIMOCKS.

Crockery and Glassware

Are not neglected.

STOCK KEPT FULLY UP

By GEO. A. THOMSON.

J. E. GARRETT,
Book and Job Printer,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

SOLICITS ORDERS FOR PAMPHLET WORK, General Letter-Press Printing, Blanks of all kinds, and every description of printing.

Oct. 8, 1885. tf

BUY

YOUR FERRIS HAMS, N. C. HAMS, WESTERN HAMS, BEEF TONGUES, FULTON MARKET BEEF, DRIED BEEF, ROE HERRING, MACKEREL AND COD FISH

At Headquarters,

G. A. THOMSON.

THE FAYETTEVILLE SEWING MACHINE

—AND—

MUSIC HOUSE!

The Largest in the Town of Fayetteville.

If you wish a

Sewing Machine,

of any kind, call on us.

If you wish a

Piano or Fine Toned Cabinet Organ,

call on us.

Don't fail to give us a call when in town. Orders attended to promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. H. FARRAR, Manager.
Gillespie Street, Next to E. F. Moore.
July 23. 128 tf

For Sale Cheap.

A GENTLEMAN LEAVING THIS SECTION desires to sell CHEAP his CARRIAGE, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c. Address M. O.,
mar 11 tf Hope Mills, N. C.

2ND SHIPMENT OF

GARDEN SEED

Received at Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

McNEILL & STOUT,

In the "West" Building, Upper Hay Street, Fayetteville, N. C.

GROCERIES,

Crockery, Plows, Castings, &c.

☞ Their country friends will find good accommodation for man and beast in their back yard.

mar 11-1y

You Can Find

Sweet and Irish Potatoes,
Cabbage, Celery,
Beans and Peas,
Baldwin Apples,
Sweet Oranges,
Sour Lemons,

At Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

BURNED OUT!

But Ready for Business Again!

MY FRIENDS can find me opposite the Post office. Roofing, Guttering, Roof Repairing and Painting done at short notice. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, and all kinds of stoves repaired as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ 17 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

jan 21-tf A. E. BRAMBLE

A. GARRASON,

—DEALER IN—

HEAVY and FANCY GROCERIES,

General Family Supplies,

HAY STREET,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

aug 13 131-tf

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A MORTGAGE FROM J. W. Welsh and wife, registered in Book D. No. 4, pages 382, 383, 384 and 385, the undersigned will, on Monday, March 29, 1886, at 12 o'clock M., at the Market House in Fayetteville, sell to the highest bidder at public auction, the following

Valuable Town Lots:

Lot No. 1. Adjoining the "Novelty Works" bounded by Franklin, Maxwell and Mumford streets whereon the workshops and other buildings belonging to J. W. Welsh's wagon-making business are situated.

Lot No. 2. On Mumford street, adjoining the lot of the late Peter P. Johnson, known as the "Bowling Alley" lot, now used for warehouse purposes.

Lot No. 3. Lying in front of the "Bowling Alley" lot and fronting on the Bowling Alley street 132 feet and running back 48 feet. On this lot a dwelling house and kitchen are situated.

Terms of sale—CASH.

WALTER WATSON, Mortgagee.
By W. A. GUTHRIE, Atty.
February 18, 1886. tg